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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We learned with a sigh of relief that Lord Salisbury had suddenly betaken himself to Schlucht in the Vosges district. From the national standpoint, first, it is obvious that for the next month, the period of the Premier's absence, nothing very dreadful is going to happen, and in these times we ought to be thankful for so small a mercy as a certain respite of thirty days. It is of course true that the Prime Minister will take with him secretaries and papers and that he will be connected with the Foreign Office by a private wire. But with all Lord Salisbury's absolutism, it is inconceivable that he should make it impossible to call a Cabinet Council, if he saw any possibility of a serious crisis in China or anywhere else. Before leaving, Lord Salisbury took every measure that he regarded as feasible to ensure the safety of the Europeans in Peking, and he could do no more by remaining. From the personal point of view, we are sure that the air and seclusion of Schlucht will do Lord Salisbury good; and we can well understand that with the thermometer at 80 in the shade, and Mr. Chamberlain worrying about a dissolution, the chief was glad to escape from Downing Street.

The official news yesterday of the relief of Peking occasioned no surprise as from the accounts received of the rapid progress of the relief force there seemed every reason to believe that the allies would already have reached the capital. A telegram from Sir A. Gaselee received here on 16 August stated that Ma-tao twenty-four miles from Peking had been reached on the 11th and according to telegrams from Shanghai on the 15th it was reported there that the allies were close to Peking. The occupation of Yang-tsun Sir A. Gaselee announced in one of a series of three telegrams, two of which were undated, the first being sent on 5 August; but from the Russian General's official account the occupation appears to have taken place on 6 August. A telegram received in Paris, dated from Taku on the 8th, states that at a council held after the last military operations, which must mean those of which Sir A. Gaselee speaks, it was decided to continue the march on Peking. Starting from Yang-tsun the next movement was towards Ho-si-wu whither the Chinese had fled after their abandonment of the former town, and a short telegram from the American General Chaffee dated 10 August announced that Ho-si-wu was reached on that day. The Admiralty subsequently received through Admiral Bruce telegrams from Sir A. Gaselee at Ho-si-wu. There was little resistance: the Chinese simply fled, and the allies continued to push

forward; so that nothing that occurred at Ho-si-wu has delayed the advance.

The defence at Yang-tsun was not nearly so determined as the previous engagement at Peitsang. Sir A. Gaselee only speaks of the British and American troops and a battalion of Russians being engaged and, though he says there was a hot shell and rifle fire during a rapid advance of three miles, the lines of defence seem to have been carried with comparatively little trouble, and with a casualty list covering the whole operation of about fifty killed; but this relates only to the loss of the British troops who apparently took the chief part in the action. Again the fighting at Ho-si-wu was less determined than at Yang-tsun. If the object of the relief expedition is not ultimately accomplished, the cause will not lie in insuperable military difficulties delaying too long the march to Peking. Over 20,000 Chinese troops were at Yang-tsun behind fortifications and well armed, and if the German Emperor does not over-estimate the bravery of the Chinese soldiers their half-hearted resistance must be due to the want of a capable leader, and in war it is more often a man than men that is lacking.

This ineffective leadership of soldiers who were good enough to give the allies much more trouble is a natural result of the system on which the Generals are chosen. Some years ago a son of Li-Hung-Chang was attached to the embassy in London. A friend of Lord Li, as he was usually called, asked him when he was about to leave England what his duties would be in his own country. He replied that he would have to leave the diplomatic service and take up his new appointment, which would be either that of a General or an Admiral—he did not know which. He had passed an examination which had nothing to do with either military or naval matters and he would leave the only service in which he had been trained.

Messages from the Legations throw no fresh light on their situation. Sir Claude Macdonald's telegram dated 6 August is much like the famous message from Sir Robert Hart so long ago as 24 June in using the expression "Situation desperate." It states that ten days' food remained and anticipates a general massacre unless relief comes; and it also mentions that a Chinese escort to Tien-tsin had been refused. A despatch from Mr. Conger has been received at Washington, and has not been published, being treated by the authorities as confidential; but they declare it contains nothing to indicate that the condition of the besieged is worse than has been reported. There is no doubt, though there are suspicious features in these telegrams that the cipher messages from Sir C. Macdonald are authentic. In awaiting news of the advance of the relief force we are also awaiting the only important news now to be expected

from Peking since on that depends the fate of the ministers. In the telegram from Sir A. Gaselee of 16 August he stated that there was no further news of the Legations. The chief danger seems to be, as has before been mentioned in telegrams from Peking, that the defeated Chinese will make for the city and swell the forces of disorder there; and already it appears that the attacks on the Legations were renewed about the 7th in consequence of the news of the advance.

Fortunately all the Powers have unanimously refused to be led into playing the Chinese game of delay and have declined all offers to negotiate until the occupation of Peking is an accomplished fact, nor have the negotiations on the subject of Count von Waldersee's appointment as Commander of the Allies interfered with the movement on Peking. His authority is limited to the operations in Chih-li and will leave the action of the Powers free in other quarters. What would happen if the Empress and her following removed the Court elsewhere, in the manner of Mr. Kruger, and military operations continued on a larger scale is a contingency which the Powers hope they may not have to face. Independent action is being taken by Russia in several quarters, as for example on the Mongolian and Siberian frontier along the borders of the Trans-Baikal and Amur districts; there is also the very suspicious occupation of Niu-chwang, one of the free ports, and the establishment of a "provisional" government professedly in the interests of foreigners and Chinese alike. On the other hand the intention of landing Indian troops at Shanghai for the protection of British interests in the Yangtse provinces in the meantime has been postponed, owing it appears to the Consuls of the other Powers stating that if the troops were landed their governments would follow the same course. This looks painfully like a repetition of our old fatuous proceedings in the matter of the Russian occupation of Port Arthur.

The value of an organisation like the proposed China League when the future of China is perhaps the greatest question that has arisen since England contested with France in India needs no more demonstration than a reference to its aims. These are set out in a statement just issued by a committee containing such well-known names as Professor Douglas, Mr. George Jamieson, and Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, with Mr. Joseph Walton, Mr. R. A. Yerburch, and Mr. Ernest Flower among other members of Parliament. Indifference, ignorance and the consequent want of appreciation of all that is involved in the Chinese question are the great dangers at the present time. The League purposes both to spread information and to form a determined public opinion in support of the Government for the maintenance of the balance of power in the East and the establishment of a reformed government in China that shall be a guarantee of security. These are the objects that all countries profess and they are the objects that must be secured. The League should be a new and effective force in politics.

It is now clear that the Treason Bill will be passed in the Cape Parliament. Mr. Sauer's motion as to administration under martial law has been thrown out by a larger majority than was expected; Mr. Merriam and Mr. Theron's resolutions have been defeated, the former being negatived without division and the latter by 45 to 41. The way is therefore plain for the passing of the Bill. Mr. Schreiner has acted quite straightforwardly throughout and the attitude of the members or former members of the Bond party who with Mr. Schreiner dissent from the amnesty proposals of the Bond has been quite satisfactory. All the more does it seem a pity that Mr. Schreiner could not see his way to form a coalition ministry. We have nothing to say against Sir Gordon Sprigg, but in the peculiar circumstances of the Colony it would have been better for a ministry to be in power that did not exclusively represent either party. The painful feature of the Treason Bill debate has been the unflinching avowal of sympathy with the rebels on the part of more than one Afrikaner member. At the present moment the Bond is plainly a disloyal party.

The pursuit of De Wet continues, and we seem no nearer the end of the war than we were a week ago. The crux of the evil would appear to be that, owing to the leniency with which we have treated our enemies, the futility of continuing the struggle has not as yet been brought home to them. It is exceedingly disappointing to hear of the increased activity which the Boers have displayed in the Western Transvaal, and to contemplate that yet another invasion of British territory from this quarter is by no means an impossible contingency. Happily it turns out that the little garrison at Elands River was not captured after all. On the 10th Colonel Hore was holding out, and was able to send a message through to Mafeking. General Carrington has been ordered to Zeerust, and General Ian Hamilton—who on the 13th hoped to be at Blaauwbank with his main body—has been informed of the necessity of assisting Colonel Hore.

Meanwhile De Wet, incredible as it may seem, has escaped all the elaborate toils which have been laid for him, and has succeeded in marching across the Orange Colony. He fought a rearguard action, near Buffels-hoek with Lord Methuen on the 9th, when the British captured six waggons. But the main body of Boers, as generally happens in Lord Methuen's battles, escaped unhurt. At the same time the plight of De Wet's force must be lamentable in the extreme. Recently he has been forced to blow up three waggons, and sixty of his British prisoners have succeeded in escaping. Moreover he has also been obliged to throw away ammunition, and to leave behind him thirty horses. Mr. Steyn is said to be confined in his camp, though why this should be so, is not clear.

As to Sir Redvers Buller, he is at last making steady if slow progress northwards, his objective presumably being Mr. Kruger's last stronghold in the mountain fastnesses. Amersfoort was occupied on the evening of the 7th, and it was then found that the enemy had retired northwards before his entry. Ermelo was taken without opposition, and now it appears that General Buller has joined hands with General French. In any case his move northwards seems to be having a good effect, since a considerable number of the Standerton commando have already surrendered to General Clery. From Bethlehem we learn that more Boers have surrendered to General Hunter, and that a million rounds of Boer ammunition has been destroyed at Naauwpoort. It is satisfactory to hear that the majority of the prisoners are now proceeding to Capetown on their way to Ceylon. Instances of Boer treachery have more than once during the past fortnight been brought to notice, and recently a British officer has been murdered in cold blood. The conspiracy to seize Lord Roberts and assassinate his principal officers, minimised as it is by Lord Roberts himself, certainly points to the necessity for more stringent measures.

Lord Wolseley has not shrunk from speaking the truth very straightly at Aldershot; and for that he deserves the country's thanks. The irresponsible critics of English military efficiency will derive from Lord Wolseley's reflections at least the malicious consolation of being able to say: "We told you so." The Commander-in-Chief has practically included all whom he saw at work at Aldershot in one condemnation of stupidity, ignorance, and inability to learn from the experience of others. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter:—"The Aldershot Division is not in a condition which would warrant its being sent abroad as an Army Corps."

The despatch of troops from India to China has been delayed by the prevalence of cholera which appeared among several of the regiments selected for this service. It became necessary either to substitute others or to retain the infected regiments under observation till the disease had disappeared. Cholera is peculiarly virulent and widespread in the East at present. Its appearance among the armies in China would be a serious, though not an improbable misfortune. India has been a terrible sufferer. The disease has ravaged the famine tracts, fastening on the large crowds collected on relief works and causing great disorganisation, besides enormous

loss of life. In addition to the deplorable mortality among natives, many European officers of all grades have fallen victims to it. The epidemic is not confined to the famine districts, and does not even seem always to have originated in them. It is prevalent in most parts of India and also beyond the borders, has appeared in Central Asia and fallen so heavily on Afghanistan that some sort of quarantine has been imposed on travellers entering India from the North-West. Judging by experience it will probably last through August—usually a bad cholera month in some parts of the country.

The weather reports from India continue favourable. The rains, which set in when hope was almost abandoned, continue to be plentiful and widely distributed. To be fully effective they must last until October, so that the cold weather sowings may get a fair start, and the exhausted tanks and wells be replenished. It is now time to see a large reduction of the numbers on relief works. A continuance on the present scale would indicate demoralisation. Lord Curzon's tour in Guzerat has shown the thorough efficiency of the administration of relief in British districts. But the staff there are embarrassed by the defective arrangements in adjoining native States which cause their famine-stricken population to flock across the border. This has been a common feature in recent famines. Baroda appears on this occasion to be a bad offender. The Guikowar who rules that State has persisted in making a pleasure journey to Europe, where he is now amusing himself and being fêted, while his subjects are starving at home and the English Viceroy is making a hot weather tour in his borders. He clearly wants a hint from the India Office. The conduct of Scindhia, another and younger Mahratta Prince, affords a pleasing contrast to the Guikowar's conception of his duty as a ruler.

Admirers of the eloquent and cultured M. Jaurès, who is so fine a representative of the opportunist or possibilist school of French socialism, will regret that his patience and reasonableness in attempting to win over the extreme or revolutionary party to a sensible and fruitful participation in everyday working politics is likely to have little success. The funeral of Liebknecht furnished M. Jules Guesde, who is one of the old type of narrow-minded socialists who see little in socialism but a means of expressing class hatreds, with an opportunity of declaring that he and his party would refuse to adopt any working arrangement with men like M. Millerand, the socialist minister in the present French Government, and M. Jaurès, who, he thinks, have been captured by the bourgeoisie. Except to fanatics it must be absolutely plain that it is precisely in the degree that socialism has ceased to be revolutionary, and has resolved to work out its principles under the conditions furnished by the historic political and social institutions of each country, that it has obtained its greatest successes. This has been so in Germany and in France. It was Liebknecht's defect that he never sufficiently recognised this, but remained too much under the influence of the ideas of half a century ago. He was left behind by German socialism, as M. Guesde will be by French socialism: for the future is to M. Jaurès and his ideas.

A good example of the "opportunism" of an intelligent socialism has this week been afforded by the exhibition of co-operative productions held by the Labour Association at the Crystal Palace. Co-operators have sneered at socialists, and socialists have sneered at co-operators, and neither of them have been wise, not knowing that the essential principle of a reconstitution of society on another basis than that of unrestricted competition is common to them both. Many co-operators may imagine that the encouragement of thrift, and the development of other important personal virtues, are their chief or sole aims, but they are helping to realise in a most practical way the ideal of socialism—communal industry. Some socialists have glibed at co-operation as capitalism in a disguised form; yet the International thirty years ago recognised its importance and encouraged it. The venerable Mr. Ludlow, the associate of Maurice and Kingsley, who was present at

the opening of the exhibition, was the founder of English co-operative associations. He was a disciple of Fourier, one of the famous French socialistic teachers who was certainly not a co-operator as English co-operators understand themselves. We are not surprised that, under the influence of old prejudices, Sir Frederick Maurice in his interesting address not so much ignored as repudiated the connection of co-operation with any wider movement.

Mr. Henniker Heaton is an expert upon a subject which interests everybody, and probably a good many people have waded through the four columns of postal grievances and reforms which he addressed to "Dear Lord Londonderry" and published in the "Times" of Wednesday. Some of his suggestions, derived of course from a study of foreign post-offices, are good. The *mandat-carle*, a post-card with a sum marked on it which is paid by the postman to the payee, would be an admirable substitute for the tiresome postal order. But "the cash-on-delivery system," by which the letter-carrier collects payment for the goods delivered by him and remits to the seller, threatens to add a new terror to the postman's knock. Mr. Heaton assures us that the postman in the guise of a debt-collector is "a gigantic success and boon on the Continent and India." We are glad that we do not live on the Continent or in India.

The practice of fining the receiver of a letter for the sender's omission to stamp it properly is, as Mr. Henniker Heaton says, unconscionable. But on the question of the express delivery of letters we must take the side of the Post Office against the District Messengers' Company. The private company charges exactly twice as much as the Post Office, and the latter's boys are cleaner and smarter than the district messengers. What Mr. Heaton speaks of as "the voluminous and embarrassing rules" regarding the express delivery set forth in the Post Office Guide are disregarded in practice. In fact a sender has only to put three extra stamps and write "express" on any envelope and drop it in the nearest pillar-box to insure its being sent by hand, as soon as it reaches an express delivery office. The most serious scandals of postal delivery occur in country districts near London. It has taken twenty-four hours for a letter to travel from Swallowfield to Ascot, a distance of fifteen miles. The question at issue between the G.P.O. and the District Messengers is the old one whether the necessity of earning dividends or State control is the better security for efficiency. Of one thing the public may be assured: that we shall not get all the improvement possible at St. Martin's-le-Grand unless and until the Postmaster-General is a member of the House of Commons. Lord Londonderry is a capable and industrious man of business: so is the Duke of Norfolk. But you want the constant pressure of the House of Commons to redress grievances, to enforce reforms, and to put the permanent officials in their places.

Zionism is a movement that continues to grow both in numbers and enthusiasm. Very remarkable statistics of the manner in which its societies are springing up in every country were laid before the fourth annual Zionist Congress held in London this week. The aims of the Zionists are highly optimistic, not to say idealistic, for they are no less than the gathering of the Jewish communities scattered throughout the world, and restoring them to the ancient home of the race. "Zionism," says Sir Francis Montefiore, "is the key to the solution of the ever-recurring and never-settled Jewish problem." The movement had its origin in the persecutions to which that singular people have been subjected in Russia, Roumania and elsewhere in the last twenty years. It is thought that as nations like Germany and Italy have reunited after disintegration, so may the Jews. The conditions are however very different. Jews who are comfortably settled, especially in Great Britain, in British colonies and in the United States, naturally are not eager to seek a new home in Palestine. The movement affects the failures in the struggle with hostile races. There would appear to be well nigh insurmountable difficulties in reuniting the Jews in Asia

Minor under a charter from the Sultan, but it may be possible to plant Jewish colonies there. Such settlements thrive in Canada and elsewhere. A reunion of the Jews in Palestine would be a revival of Babel.

Some of the sharp things said of the railway employés recently when they threatened to aggravate the woes of holiday-makers by a strike must deflect on the companies themselves in their methods of applying the revived system of charges for excess luggage. Passengers apparently never know whether they are to pay for their luggage or not. Much depends on the idiosyncrasies of porters, officials, and travellers themselves. In any case the laxity with which the system is enforced will enable the rich man to get his luggage through without bother when the poor man, whose "tip" is less ready or less adequate, will be subjected to delay and inconvenience. The picture given by a "Times" correspondent of the want of uniformity in practice on the one hand, and of the small weighing machine called upon to cope with the luggage of three express trains on the other, is suggestive of scandal. If the railways must charge for excess luggage, and it is certainly not unreasonable for them to do so, they must adopt some plan at once simple, uniform and effective.

Professor Ray Lankester's invitation in the "Times" to our officers and private soldiers in South Africa to contribute to the natural history collections of the British Museum is commendable and yet risky. It is eminently desirable that the gaps in the national collections, which according to Professor Ray Lankester appear to be many, should be filled. Nor would it be easy to suggest to a really intelligent officer or man a pleasanter or more rational manner of using his enforced leisure than the collection of specimens of local species not at present represented in the Museum. On the other hand, it strikes us as distinctly dangerous and inopportune for a distinguished scientist practically to give every man jack in our African army carte blanche to kill as much as he likes in the name of the British Museum. Most persons who have any love for animals alive as well as stuffed and labelled in cases or bottled up in spirits think the great desideratum at the present moment is to prevent wholesale and indiscriminate attacks on wild creatures—above all in South Africa. Has the Director of the Natural History Department already forgotten the Conference on the Preservation of African Game?

The masterly inactivity that was so conspicuous last week in all departments of the Stock Exchange has not unnaturally been followed during the present week by a better tendency. If however the tendency has been for the better, the general volume of business has not been large. There has been an evident indisposition on the part of holders to part with their securities at existing prices, and as speculation has for the time being ceased to tempt either the professional or the unwary operator, a very small demand creates a distinct effect. English rails have commenced to emerge from their recent depression, London and North-Western Ordinary leading with a rise of 4 points at 177½ followed by Great Western Ordinary with a rise of 3½ at 144½, and Midland Deferred with a rise of 2 at 76½, these quotations being ex dividend. There have been marked rises in Argentine Rails, the most conspicuous being the gain of 3½ points in Buenos Ayres Great Southern, 3 points in Buenos Ayres and Rosario, 6 points in Buenos Ayres and Pacific at 148½, 64, and 61 respectively. American Rails with the exception of Southern Pacific which are unchanged have improved, Milwaukee at 118 and Louisvilles at 74½ reflecting the steady tone, and Canadian Pacific on the declaration of a dividend of 2½ per cent. have risen from 89½ to 92½. Copper shares have been firm but have not maintained the best price touched, Rio Tintos being quoted yesterday at 58½, but earlier in the week they were up to 59. Indian Government securities have been a feature of the week, the New Loan especially being in demand at 1½ premium. The National War Loan closed yesterday at ½ discount, the New Exchequer Bonds ¼ premium, and Consols 99.

THE STATUS OF THE CHINESE VICEROYS.

WHILE our anxieties are still centred on the advance of the relief force, and on the prospects of safety for the Legations when it reaches its goal, circumstances have combined to throw up into relief a feature of Chinese polity which is likely to obtain more consideration in future than it has received hitherto. For reasons which appeared plausible at the time, we adopted in 1860 as a cardinal rule of policy, the strengthening of the Central Power. We were going—to quote the words of a recent writer—"to centralise the finances as well as the forces, and to use a Government, which it was presumed would be grateful and docile, to impose reform on the provinces from above." China being in case, things turned out, of course, exactly the reverse. Instead of strengthening the Imperial Government, we have gone near to ruin the Empire by enabling it to squander and finally alienate the greater part of its revenue for the service of an unproductive debt. Instead of arraying on our side a supreme power which would control the vagaries of the viceroys, we have been upholding the conservatism of the capital against the better sense of the provinces; and have been helping to deprive the latter of their resources in order to place a weapon, which has been turned against us, in the hands of Peking. The perpetuation of the delusion in one case, and its rectification in another, has been illustrated by the divergence of opinion between the Legations and the foreign communities at the Treaty Ports as to the import of the coup d'état of 1898, and the dangerous tendency of subsequent events. It has been realised, by this time, that the former was not the mere family squabble which the Chancelleries affected to consider it at the time, and that the forecasts published in the Shanghai press represented the truth more accurately than views emanating from Peking. The real relations of the great satrapies to the capital are, like most matters affecting China, too involved to be explained in few words. Suffice it to say that, while an Imperial edict degrading the most powerful viceroy would be obeyed, there is a degree of autonomy and independence inherent in the provincial Governments which the Imperial authority knows that it must recognise. All this was obvious to consuls who saw cases which they were in duty bound to refer to their Legation, for submission to the Tsungli-Yamen, referred back to the provincial authorities in accordance with traditions which the Yamen dared not override. It was obvious to merchants who traversed the vast region, comprising more than 150,000,000 of people, ruled by the three great viceroys who govern Central China from the sea to the borders of Thibet. That a contrary tradition should have prevailed in Downing Street is consistent with the contrariety and incongruity which result from our habit of looking into the Chinese microscope from the wrong end. If it required a cataclysm to shake that tradition, the cataclysm has come. Neither are we concerned to maintain that the cataclysm itself was an unprovoked explosion of original sin. It was, on the contrary, in no small degree a blind and blundering expression of another quality which Europe had decided that the Chinese do not possess. Chinese patriotism may not set out from exactly the same standpoint, or run along exactly the same lines as the sentiment known by that name in the West; but resentment at the occupation of Chinese territory must unquestionably be reckoned among the motives of outbreak in a region which comprises Port Arthur and Kiaochow. What concerns us at the moment is that the Imperial authorities, who encouraged the movement, have been left in the air by the provincial magnates who have protested against it with all their might. So early as 31 May, the Viceroy of Hunan and Hupeh—whom Europeans identify most easily in connexion with Hankow—memorialised the throne adversely to the Boxers, deprecating the countenance extended to them and urging their suppression. A week later, a conjoint memorial in the same sense was sent up by the Viceroys of the two Hu (Wuchang), of the two Kiang (Nanking), of Chihli and of Shantung; while those of the two Kwang (Canton),

and of Fohkien and Chekeang (Foochow) were asked to, and did, we believe, take a similar course. The superior wisdom of these great provincial officials over the courtiers and placemen who are largely responsible for what has since happened, may be realised when we remember that the delusion of Boxer invulnerability affected not only the Imperial soldiers but two-thirds of Peking officialdom; and that Prince Tuan was placing himself at their head, while Li Hung-chang was declaring them to be a fanatical rabble. The divergence reached a climax on 21 June, when the Taotai of Shanghai transmitted a request to the local vernacular newspapers that no notice might be taken thenceforward of any so-called Imperial decrees, as Prince Tuan had seized the supreme power at Peking, and the viceroys and governors of provinces south of the Yellow River had come to a decision to regard him as a rebel. Whether this was a plan to shield the Empress from the consequences of her own folly, or a device to screen themselves from the consequences of disobeying orders which they disapproved, we will not venture to predicate. A decree of that date did, in fact, nominate Prince Tuan and Kang Yi "Supreme Chiefs of the I-ho-chuan (Boxer) patriots;" and command the "viceroys and governors south of the Yellow River to assemble the modern fleet and attack the foreign fleets." A decree of the 25th may be quoted (from the "North China Herald" of 4 July) as a further typical illustration of Peking folly and bombast:—

"We are" (whether it is the Empress or Prince Tuan who is speaking we will not pretend to decide) "now at war with foreigners and we have fought great battles against them. The I-ho-chuan patriots and people combined with the Government troops have repeatedly been victorious in their battles with our foreign enemies, and we have already sent Imperial Commissioners to transmit to these patriots and Government troops the Imperial commendation and exhortation to repeat their successes on the field. Now we feel that there must be men of similar patriotism and bravery in all the provinces of the Empire. It is therefore our command to all our viceroys and governors to enlist such and organise them into troops, as they will undoubtedly be of great use and assistance in our war with the Foreign Powers. Let this decree be sent for the information of all the high provincial authorities of the Empire at the rate of 600 li a day." Four days later Hsu Ching-cheng and another member of the Tsungli-Yamen were beheaded, on the advice of Li Ping-hêng, for having recommended that an effort should be made to conciliate the Powers; and the contrast between the attitude of Peking and the viceroys cannot be better illustrated than by noting that Li Hung-chang presented, almost simultaneously, a memorial denouncing Li Ping-hêng and all his works. It will be sufficient to add that whereas Kang Yi, Hsu Tung and other reactionaries have advised the Empress Dowager to fly with the Emperor to Singan, and leave Prince Tuan to fight it out, the three great viceroys who hold the South of China in their hands have advised her to remain in the capital.

We have thrown these points into relief because they enable us to realise certain considerations which presumably guided Her Majesty's Government in promising the viceroys of the Lower Yangtse pecuniary and material help in case of need. They were risking their heads if the Tuan party gained the ascendant. There is said to have been trepidation lest Li Ping-hêng should respond to Li Hung-chang's denunciation of himself by denouncing him and his colleagues to the Throne in turn, with potential consequences to their position and the welfare of the provinces they rule which we can surmise. Our proffer was given concrete form at Shanghai, and bitter will be the disappointment there if it is in effect withdrawn. That the Chinese were ready to welcome the disembarkation of a British force is proved by the fact that refugees began to return directly it was announced. It is impossible not to sympathise with Liu Kun-yi's dread of seeing reproduced, in his district, the complications which have attended the allied operations in the North. He does not disguise the unrest which has been created by the situation we have been at pains to sketch; nor does he resent the natural desire of Her Majesty's

Government to secure the safety of the immense British interests in Shanghai. It is understood in China, and it should be understood in England, that the opposition which has been encountered at the last moment emanates not from him but from Russia and France; and the precedent of Port Arthur should convince Her Majesty's Government that the country will not accept lightly another such rebuff as the withdrawal of our ships on that occasion was felt to imply. It may be pleaded, of course, that opposition is an inapposite word, as it assumed the form merely of a claim to take similar steps; but the intention becomes evident when we remember that it is international occupation to which the Viceroy objects. That France has an exclusive settlement at Shanghai is a fact which she seldom permits us, unfortunately, to forget; but that her interests there are trivial compared to our own is a fact which must also be emphasised. The foreign population of Shanghai resides chiefly in a district which was originally set apart for English and American settlements, but has since been largely expanded and now practically constitutes a great cosmopolitan whole. A census taken last May shows that 2,691 of the 6,774 foreigners residing in that area are British, 562 American, 525 German, 47 Russian and 176 French. There are also residing within those limits 345,000 Chinese. The last census of the French settlement to which we have access (1895) showed a population of 430 foreigners, of whom the majority were other than French, and 45,000 Chinese. No doubt the figures have increased since that date because the French settlement has also been enlarged; but the proportion of foreigners is probably little disturbed. The gross value of the foreign trade of Shanghai in 1898 was Tls. 251,000,000 (about £36,000,000). The share of the British Empire in that total was Tls. 101,000,000, that of Japan Tls. 23,000,000, and that of the whole continent of Europe Tls. 39,000,000. Out of 8,000,000 tons of shipping which entered and cleared at Shanghai in that year 4,500,000 were under the British flag, 226,108 French, and 84,000 Russian. It is inconceivable that Her Majesty's Government should allow such enormously preponderating interests to be jeopardised in deference to jealousies so little justified by facts. We lost prestige enough in China through the episode of Port Arthur, which was understood clearly to be a retreat before Russia. To declare a purpose of undertaking the defence of Shanghai might sensibly rehabilitate us. To retreat from that position will be to cover us with contempt; and what will be the effect, in India, of the tale which our Indian troops will carry back, is not pleasant to contemplate.

THE POLICY OF LENIENCY.

THE news of the plot to seize Lord Roberts, and murder the high officers of our army in Pretoria, has surprised no one who has been brought into contact with the citizens of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony; for he can see that it is the natural outcome of the amiable weakness we have displayed for some time past in our treatment of the Boers. Knowing, as we now do, that one of the characteristics of the race, whatever be the cause, whatever the excuse, is an innocence of European notions of honour and an indifference to truthfulness, we cannot read the despatches without marvelling at the blind faith which our military chiefs continue to place in Boer protestations and assurances of neutrality.

It took our officers and soldiers many weeks to realise that a white flag displayed by a Boer meant very much what at the moment it suited that slim individual it should mean. To treat such people with leniency is little short of insanity, for it means neither more nor less than an endless prolongation of the war with its inevitable daily roll of killed, wounded and missing amongst our soldiers. To put it plainly, the latter are being sacrificed to a mock sentiment of forbearance and an overstrained anxiety to treat the Boers with gentleness so that "after the war, the race-hatred will rapidly die out." This aspiration may be praiseworthy, but the clear duty before us now is not to mould our present actions with regard to some future

possible condition of affairs, but to devote all our energies to ending the war with the least delay. It is idle to pretend that severe measures which resulted in putting a stop to the fighting would leave half the sting behind them that must months of desultory warfare, marked by Boer raids on our communications, and British confiscations and burnings in return.

We have a good object-lesson before us just now; for months the Boers were allowed to cut the railways and inflict other petty annoyances on us with impunity. At last things got to such a pass that Lord Roberts, to secure the very existence of his force, was compelled to decree that any such conduct in the future would be met by burning the farms within ten miles of the scene of the damage inflicted. Such an order at the commencement of the campaign would have had ten times the effect, and would have saved much unnecessary bloodshed and misery. Its belated issue, after the marauding parties of Boers had from long practice reduced the science of railway destruction to a fine art, and had already prolonged the war for months, was much like locking the stable door after the horse was stolen. Our army has been given treble work to do in consequence of this mistaken leniency of Lord Roberts. It is no secret that many officers were aghast at the superfluous civility shown to Cronje on his surrender. There are certain crimes which military men can never forgive. One is an act of military treachery, and Cronje's dishonourable conduct at the siege of Potchefstroom in 1881 was considered by many to place him outside the friendship of honourable men. It was not unnatural that our naval officers should be none too well pleased at learning that to a man with this record had been allotted the admiral's quarters on the flagship at Simon's Town—an honour rarely granted and only to the most distinguished of guests.

Leniency too may have had much to do with the increase of sickness in the army. Many whose opinion is worthy of attention ascribe the deplorable state of affairs during the typhoid epidemic at Bloemfontein to the punctilious deference of Lord Roberts to the wishes of the inhabitants who objected to be turned out of their houses. That scores and hundreds of British soldiers may thereby have lost their lives through lying in the mud when in danger of death is not pleasant to think of. The first so-called pacification of the southern portion of the Orange Free State was an obvious farce, even to the most simple-minded of our officers. Any old muzzle-loading rifle was accepted as a proof that a Boer wished to surrender his arms, and he was allowed to take the oath of neutrality and depart forthwith to his farm and to his Mauser. The subsequent months of desultory warfare in the "pacified" Free State and the numerous deplorable "incidents" that marked them are the plain and natural outcome of this childish treatment of a truculent and determinedly unforgiving foe.

Major White's letter in our issue of the 4th inst. showed clearly that many of the Boers who fight after surrender are obliged to do so by their comrades, owing entirely to the British authorities allowing them to return to districts where they cannot be protected. They should never have been allowed to escape from our control. The plain fact is that partly from political reasons, and partly from an amiable weakness and an endeavour to soothe the feelings of the conquered Boers, Lord Roberts has most signally failed in his efforts to pacify the inhabitants of the territory he has occupied. The loyalty and affection of our officers for the veteran Field-Marshal have for the most part prevented any open criticisms being made on this subject, but it may safely be said that very few of those who have been brought into contact with the Boers, or have taken part in the wearisome and apparently never-ending operations of the last six months, are unconvinced at heart that these gentle methods have been a huge blunder.

The situation is one that affords no parallel in modern civilised wars. In every one of those wars there has been a distinct cleavage between the army operating in defence of a country and its civilian population. History proves to us that whenever the people endeavour to adopt the double and dubious rôle of soldiers at one moment and peaceable inhabitants at the

next, enormous difficulties are created, and an invading regular army finds its task of subjugating a territory increased beyond all computation. How hard pressed the victorious German invading hosts were in 1870-71 through the by no means universal efforts of the franc-tireurs, is best shown by the terribly drastic means to which the Germans had to resort to stamp out those methods of fighting. In the Transvaal the elementary conditions of the country and its inhabitants caused the operations from the outset to approximate more closely to such irregular warfare than to a struggle between two civilised races. The break-up of the main Boer armies, with the general adoption of guerilla tactics by the remainder, has practically eliminated any regular elements in the war. If this campaign is to end at all the annexation of the Transvaal must be declared, and a date fixed—the sooner the better—and the people informed that after that date all marauding bands will be considered as rebels and disposed of accordingly. A severe measure doubtless—but the alternative, an indefinite prolongation of the war, would in its attendant misery, suffering, and loss be a treatment of the country far harsher. Moreover it is our duty to try in every way to prevent the waste of English life and of our military strength. It is neither an edifying spectacle nor is it business that nearly a quarter of a million English soldiers should be locked up in South Africa by an irregular force, about one-twentieth in number, very many of whom have already "surrendered."

There is no question here of vindictiveness or even of punishment. War is not an amusement nor is it an exhibition, but a business carried on for a definite purpose. In some cases clemency will help that purpose, and then it becomes the right method to adopt; in other cases, it will not. It depends mainly on the nature of the opponents. As a matter of sheer business the Boers' object is in every way to hinder us in the reduction of the country, our object is to accomplish that reduction as rapidly and surely as we can. The Boers have undoubtedly adopted the method best calculated to secure their own ends, and therein have shown themselves much more businesslike soldiers than we. The policy we have followed—the line of leniency—has clearly not been that best adapted to secure our ends; therefore it must be changed. We rest the case for greater severity simply on business grounds—it has nothing to do with sentimental dislike of the Boers, it is not punitive—but it is merely the best means to promote the object for which we resorted to arms. That is the limit of the soldier's business. The statesman comes in after.

ARE WE A NATION OF FOOLS?

OF all the preachers of the nineteenth century Matthew Arnold had the best materials for his sermon. His intellectual meridian coincided with the middle of the Victorian era. He saw the Crimean war and the starting of the volunteer movement by Lord Elcho, now Lord Wemyss. He witnessed the extension of the fullest political rights to the artisan and the agricultural labourer, the establishment of compulsory national education, and finally Gladstone's attempt to break up the United Kingdom. In addition to these opportunities of observation, which were due to the date of his birth, Matthew Arnold's calling was that of an inspector of primary schools, a position which gives a man a quite peculiar insight into the mind of the generation that is to succeed his own. The conclusion at which Matthew Arnold arrived, and which he fearlessly but with perfect urbanity imparted to his countrymen, was that the weakness of the English nation is its want of intelligence. Arminius, the imaginary German visitor in "Friendship's Garland," is shown a sketch of a member of Parliament addressing a public meeting: over the head of the orator he writes "Esel," and over the audience "Lumpenpack." From this text Arnold preached all his life the same sermon in many forms, playfully admitting that iteration was his only method. The brutality of our newspapers, the inconsistency of our foreign policy, sometimes bullying and some-

times supine or submissive, the exaggeration and diffuseness of our prose style, are all put down to the same national defect, the lack of clear ideas and of the habit of precise thinking. It is impossible to ignore the judgment of this great English critic, with his exceptional advantages and his trained faculty of observation, the more so as Arnold was no professional railer, and had the keenest appreciation of the good qualities of his countrymen. To the upper class (for which he had a notorious weakness) he ascribed the power of beauty or manners; to the middle class the power of conduct; and to the working class the power of energy. Manners, conduct, and energy are great qualities, whose combination has hitherto been irresistible. But in the competition of the modern world it is beginning to be apparent that there is another quality essential to success, namely, the power of brains, and it is precisely in this quality that our national preacher tells us we are dangerously deficient. Will any thoughtful man deny that recent events have done much to justify this annoying conclusion? Stupidity may obviously spoil the finest moral quantities, for stupidity is the cause of a great many other costly defects. The want of sympathy with any but those who dress and speak like ourselves, the inability to perceive the point of view of other European nations, the inexpugnable conviction that whatever blunders we may commit we are wiser and stronger than anybody else, are simply due to a failure of intelligence on our part. Take the war in South Africa: it has been a touchstone of our national character. It has brought out all our energy, and all our conduct, and all our manners, for bravery is but good breeding, and, it must be added, all our want of brains. The Boers have not outfought us: they have outwitted us. Can any one contemplate the campaign in Natal without seeing that from first to last, from the conference between Penn Symons, White, and the Governor to Spion Kop and the escape of the Boers before Ladysmith, its conduct has been marked by the grossest stupidity? General Sir Redvers Buller has had an army of 30,000 men under his command for over six months: what has he done with it? We are regularly informed by Lord Roberts that General Buller is advancing "without opposition," and we were recently gratified by the intelligence that he looked fit when he visited Pretoria. Is this kind of thing calculated to inspire our neighbours with respect for our generals? The march of Lord Roberts to Bloemfontein and Pretoria was a splendid performance, worthy of the commander-in-chief's record and the traditions of our army. But the other blunders, the loss of the waterworks at Bloemfontein, the Sanna's Post affair, the capture of large bodies of our men, the starvation of Rundle's division, and the consequent daily loss of life, of prestige, and of money, are ascribable to nothing else but sheer incompetence. Even Lord Roberts is running a risk of losing his laurels by his inexplicable failure to bring the war to an end. Nobody expects him to hunt in person small bodies of men up and down the Transvaal. But he might concentrate himself upon the seizure of Kruger, declare the war at an end, and treat the rest as brigands. However that may be, nobody can now pretend that we have got or can get any credit out of the war, and that we have failed to do so has been owing to the want of intelligence that has muddled away an opportunity. A few months ago we should have been howling at for daring to make remarks such as the above. When the campaign began the idea was sedulously fostered that war was a mystic, or at all events a purely technical science, which only professional soldiers were competent to practise or to criticise. For a mere black-coated scribe in London to judge the actions of the generals and their staffs was flat blasphemy. But the Boers and their leaders have changed all that, for the Boer general is a gentleman without a staff in a tweed suit and a billycock hat, who has never been to Woolwich or Sandhurst, and his troops are farmers in their workaday clothes. The pomp and ceremony of war have been most effectually knocked on the head by this Boer business, and we can all see for ourselves that mother-wit counts for

more than high-sounding titles and staff uniforms. We have taken the South African war to point our moral because it has thrown an unusually strong light upon our national character. But it is not only in matters military that intelligence is the one thing needful for the modern nation. He would be a bold patriot who should assert that the British agriculturist is conspicuous for the alacrity and understanding with which he applies science and capital to the soil, or endeavours to master the great problem of the production and distribution of food. Or to take coal, the cause of most of England's wealth, there are people who say that our production of coal is so costly and extravagant and slow that we are bound to be beaten by our foreign competitors. The subject of our manufactures, our tariff, our exports and imports is far too large to be gone into here. But few who have paid any attention to the subject will deny that British traders are in danger of being beaten by Germans and Americans, simply because the former will not take the trouble to learn the languages and the currencies of the world. If a trader does not know the language or the money of a customer, it is difficult to supply his wants, particularly when half-a-dozen other people are trying to get the job. But what are you driving at? we can hear the optimist impatiently exclaim. Do you mean that we are a nation of fools, and that we are doomed to be beaten in the race? Certainly not: but we must cultivate our intelligence. Fool is a strong term: we are not quite so superior to other nations as we have hitherto believed ourselves to be: but there is plenty of mother-wit in the British race, which only requires education. The groundwork of the national character is excellent, but it requires a treatment that shall have some regard to the facts of the modern world.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

THE death of the Lord Chief Justice of England came as a shock to everyone. He was not old as statesmen and lawyers reckon age. In his public comings and goings no sign of abated energy or weakened health was visible. There had been some comments on his absences—rather frequent of late—from the bench. But these were usually put down to the attractions of Epsom or the diminution of the cause lists: and no one who saw him in the Courts at work could have imagined that his term of judicial usefulness was likely to be so short. Yet he has almost suddenly passed from us: and the world is divided between speculation as to his successor and attempts to appreciate the qualities which placed him in his high position.

That he was the first Roman Catholic Lord Chief Justice of England will be chronicled as a sign of the change in political and religious conditions since the days of Penal Laws and the struggle for Roman Catholic emancipation. But to his contemporaries and perhaps even to posterity his claim to respectful recollection must lie in the force and virility of his character. It was by his personality rather than by his attainments or attractions that he reached the eminence which he undoubtedly occupied in the esteem of men, and, unluckily for lawyers, it is not in the nature of things that a judge however distinguished should under modern conditions become a great historic personage.

As Chief Justice of England, Lord Russell was in almost all respects the antithesis of his immediate predecessor Lord Coleridge. The latter, somewhat unfairly described by Disraeli as silver-tongued mediocrity, was a courtier and a gentleman of very high ability whose interests lay rather in style than in matter, in literature than in law. As a judge, when awake, he represented the *suaviter in modo*, as Lord Russell, never asleep, represented the *fortiter in re*. Neither will Lord Russell be remembered for great achievement in the moulding and development of English law. Indeed of the two Lord Coleridge both by the form of his judgments and the longer period of his judicial service has probably done the more in that direction. Still, while each in his own way was incomparably above all his puisnes, in the view of the litigant and of the general public Lord Russell undoubtedly surpassed his predecessor.

He had always absolute control of the bar, the jury and the witnesses. Always alert, attentive, and determined not to have time wasted unnecessarily, he was somewhat of a terror to prolix or unprepared counsel: but he so far curbed his temper, known very well to be impatient and somewhat overbearing, that litigants and their advisers were for the most part agreeably disappointed in their expectations of his conduct as a judge. Yet he was at all times somewhat terrible. For anyone, prisoner, counsel, or witness, to be before him was something like being put into the den of a dignified and placable but extremely wideawake lion, without any calculable certainty of coming out a Daniel. In his public capacity he showed nothing of the Irishman: for his seriousness at the bar and on the bench was so rarely if ever tempered by anything either Hibernian or humorous that but for his accent he might have been taken for a Scotchman.

In the House of Commons Lord Russell did not shine pre-eminently. It was his misfortune or good fortune to be associated with Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme: still his adhesion to Home Rule was no death-bed conversion, but rested on conscientious conviction and racial feeling: still even in that cause he never achieved the success as a Parliamentary orator of Sir Edward Clarke. From the point of view of his constituency he was an ideal Member of Parliament: unwearying in his efforts in every way to further its interests and take a genuine concern in its local affairs.

It is as a great advocate that Lord Russell's claim to be remembered can stand. All his real successes were in advocacy whether before English or international tribunals. He was not a conspicuous success in Parliament nor great as a platform speaker or an after-dinner orator. And even the speech which has won him most renown, that in the Parnell Commission, lacked very much of the polish and style which it received from the "Times" reporter and in his own revised version. Still, if his forensic oratory did not display the style of Cockburn or of Coleridge, there was about it a thoroughness and massive force, derived from his own masterful if not quite magnetic personality, a completeness, perhaps somewhat chronological, in the treatment of his subject, and an earnestness, which compelled both judge and jury to pay tribute to the strength if not the attraction of the orator.

THE JEWS AND PALESTINE.

ENGLISH public opinion regards the Jews with benevolence mingled with anxiety. The anti-Semitic fanaticism, which has run to such lengths on the Continent of Europe, is still unknown among us: we regard its excesses with disgust and perplexity. The English Jews have earned the honourable position they hold. They have shown themselves models of good-citizenship, and in not a few cases have risen to the highest standard of public-spirited patriotism. Continental observers refuse to recognise British tolerance towards the Jewish nation as altogether the product of our traditions and temperament. Hitherto, they say, there has been no Jewish question in England; let the same problem face the British people as does face the peoples of the European mainland, and they will manifest the same exasperation. It must be admitted that the Jews are only beginning to be a considerable factor among us, and that already there are ominous signs of an anti-Jewish spirit in those quarters, where the new conditions obtain. Dr. Herzl, the President of the Zionist Conference, referred in terms which sent a thrill of pride through English readers to the justice of England towards his race. "Throughout the wide world there was but one spot left in which God's ancient people were not detested and persecuted, but in this glorious land they enjoyed freedom to the full and complete human rights." Other members of the Conference are evidently apprehensive that this happy state of affairs in England may not long continue. Sir Francis Montefiore warned the delegates that this country might not always be the Eldorado of the Jews. English newspapers, he said, were always commenting on the ostentation and love of display of Jews: the agitation against alien immigration was directly aimed

at the Jews. This warning was timely and useful. We happily are free from the disastrous bigotry which revives and credits the ridiculous mediæval fictions of Jewish cruelty: but in no European country are the multitudes of the working folk more suspicious of foreigners, or more resentful of anything that tends to lower the standard of artisan life and alter to their disadvantage the conditions of employment. Professor Mendelstamm's painful account of the Russian Jews will certainly not tend to allay the popular alarm on the subject of the pauper alien: and the most benevolent politician cannot ignore the substantial justifications of the popular attitude. It is, then, probable that within a few years we shall witness in England a formidable anti-Jewish movement, inspired not by religious fanaticism, but by a temper not less remorseless, nor less unreasoning, the temper of imperilled self-interest. Our concern in the solution of the Jewish problem, if less immediate than that of our neighbours, will be found ultimately not less considerable. Zionism makes its appeal to the public opinion of Europe as a serious attempt to settle once for all the Jewish question, which in France, Austria, Germany, and Russia has become acute, and in England threatens to be so. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to review briefly the problem itself, and the proposed solution.

"Vous êtes des animaux calculant, tâchez d'être des animaux pensant," was the insolent admonition with which Voltaire concluded his account of the Jews in his "Dictionnaire Philosophique." There was obvious point in the gibe a century and a half ago, but not the most prejudiced anti-Semite would now dispute the intellectual distinction of the Jewish race. Indeed the misfortunes of the Jews have largely sprung from their amazing success in the competition of society. Scarcely had the manacles which mediæval superstition bound about the nation been removed than the emancipated Jews pushed to the front in every department of intellectual activity. Jealousy among the educated has co-operated with fanaticism among the ignorant to the disadvantage of the too-successful alien. Yet it must be admitted that there are deeper and more respectable causes for the bitterness with which the Jews are nearly everywhere regarded. They accumulate so many distinctive titles to the popular dislike. Aliens in race, religion, often also in language, linked in an international organisation which seems to threaten the interests of every State whose protection they receive, heirs of an ample heritage of calumny, and themselves driven by a malignant necessity to adopt an anti-social attitude in every society which harbours them, the vulgarest and most insolent of parvenus, the most conspicuous representatives of capitalism, money-lenders, pawnbrokers, stockbrokers—the Jews are symbolised to the view of Christendom by all that is most odious, most brazen, and most squalid.

Zionism is in part a protest against this too sweeping and intolerable ignominy. It represents the aspirations of "the dreamers of the Ghetto." It is the passionate repudiation by the Jewish conscience of the established rôle of the modern Jew. Money-making is not the true vocation of Israel: the sacred nation is capable of better things: the prophets did not write in vain. The very magnitude of their sufferings is the pledge of a worthier destiny. Restoration to Palestine symbolises the recovery of self-respect, the re-attainment of nationhood.

Considered coolly from the standpoint of the practical politician what is to be said of this project, so passionately advocated and so confidently proclaimed? Are "the tragic issues of an outcast nation" debated to any effect in connexion with a proposal to create "a publicly recognised and legally secured home in Palestine for such Jews as cannot, or will not assimilate" with their surroundings elsewhere? The phrasing of the scheme indicates its best hope of success: for the European nations cannot for ever acquiesce in the presence within them of masses of nominal citizens who "cannot or will not assimilate" with their surroundings. Many Jews can and do enter frankly into the life of the nations to which they are proud to belong. Their Judaism detracts nothing from their good citizenship. They serve the State in a thousand ways, and in the

fullest sense of the word are patriots. These men are standing outside Zionism in an attitude half contemptuous, half apprehensive. They are wealthy, and "it is hard for rich men to enter the kingdom:" they are cultivated, ambitious, clever; what attraction can they find in a scheme which would withdraw them from the easy conditions and large possibilities of European life and banish them to the comfortless colony of Palestine? Religious enthusiasm, perhaps, would make possible so great a sacrifice; but that is notably absent from the educated section of the Jewish race. It is, indeed, worthy of notice that the orators at the Zionist Congress almost wholly abstained from religious appeals. The President did, indeed, speak in his peroration of the Zionist movement as containing "the elements of a great prospective realisation of the reappearance of the people of Israel in the land of their fathers, prophesied in Holy Writ, sung by their poets, and yearned for by the Jewish race," but the burden of his speech was the practical argument that the establishment of a large number of Jews in Palestine would be a benefit not only to the Jews themselves, but would open up to every country where they resided a prospect of the settlement of the Jewish question. Dr. Max Nordau, with characteristic pessimism, pointed to the signs of growing hostility towards the Jews which are apparent in every European State, and advocated Zionism as a way of escape from threatened destruction. "Political Zionism"—Mr. Zangwill has observed—"alone can transcend and unite: any religious formula would disturb and disserve. Along this line may all travel to Jerusalem." But that journey will mean for many Jews great sacrifices of comfort and property. Will any weaker force than that of religious enthusiasm induce them to take so heroic a course? History does not report well of merely political motives for such a purpose. The miserable helots who emerge from their sweating dens to acclaim the project of a Return to Palestine as it is displayed to them in the bright colours of the orator's rhetoric have nothing to lose in its failure, and nothing to contribute to its success: but the multitude of thriving Jews, who fill so large a place in European life as bankers, doctors, professors, savants, have all to lose and nothing to gain. Like their ancestors in Babylonia two millenniums and a half ago they will prefer to merge themselves in the luxurious society of the land of exile, rather than endure the hardships of the journey to Jerusalem. However, the impatience of the European Governments may permit the Zionist experiment to be tried. There are no overwhelming difficulties in the way. The European Concert might wring from the Sultan the lease of Palestine, and guarantee the integrity of the new Jewish State. The great Jewish financiers can certainly provide the requisite funds vast though the amount would be; and the Jews have never been lacking in political ability: but the experiment once started, the difficulties will rapidly accumulate. The area of Palestine is limited and the soil mostly infertile: there would be little commerce among a community of poverty-stricken agriculturists: the too-familiar agrarian difficulties of Europe would speedily make their appearance: and if "the vast majority of the Jewish nation" were to fulfil Mr. Secretary Marmorek's expectations, the question of overcrowding could not be long deferred. Political institutions would be difficult to establish and more difficult to work in an heterogeneous community of semi-savage Jews, speaking divers languages, with variant customs; social order would be hard to maintain. The new colonists would have to be adscripti glebæ if their domestic hardships were not once more to create a new Diaspora. History provides no precedent for so vast a venture: there are, perhaps, some people—both Jews and Christians—who would find in prophecy a sufficient substitute for history; but statesmen are little likely to be influenced by arguments drawn from that source: and Zionism will remain a "dream of the Ghetto," until it can justify itself to the political intelligence of Europe. The Jewish question—as we have said—has its roots elsewhere than in the misery of the Jews. Let the "unassimilated" Jews be taken away, and the rock of offence will remain. The envy of the baser sort

of socialist and the malignant suspicion of the fanatic are provoked less by the admitted faults of the persecuted race than by its energy, wealth, ability, success—the marks and consequences of good citizenship. The most that could be effected by the largest colonisation scheme of which the case admits, would be the removal of some causes of social friction from the great European cities, and, possibly, the gift of a healthier and worthier existence to the colonists themselves in the huge international Ghetto of Palestine. This is in itself worth trying for, but it hardly matches the glowing language of the Zionist orators, or could be reckoned a satisfaction of the Zionist hopes. It certainly would not get rid of the Jewish question.

THE CHINESE ARMY.

II.—PROVINCIAL.

EACH of the eighteen provinces being a quasi-independent unit of the Empire, the law allows and requires each to keep on foot a small standing army for the preservation of order and to put down rebellions each within the limits of its own province. The force is paid out of the resources of the province. Appointments to the higher military commands are made direct from Peking but the force as a whole is under the control of the viceroys or governors and cannot without their consent be employed outside of the limits of the province.

The numbers and efficiency of the provincial troops vary indefinitely according to the condition and resources of the province. In the wealthier provinces, such as those controlled by the Viceroys of Nanking, Wuchang and Canton, large sums have been paid for arms and ammunition and some of the brigades have had more or less of a smattering of foreign drill. But speaking generally the great majority of the provincial armies are miserably inefficient and little better than an armed rabble. The average pay of the common soldier varies from five to ten shillings a month. A uniform is provided and a musket and ammunition, but everything else he may require he must provide as best he can. There is no commissariat department, no hospital and no transport. When on the march he lives on the country through which he passes. Transport when required is provided by impressing the boats, carts, &c. of the country people and nothing is paid for them. When called out to suppress a rising or brigandage, which is the only service they are required to perform, these troops are hardly less a terror to law-abiding citizens than the brigands they are sent to suppress. Discipline is of the laxest and though military punishments are severe—usually decapitation on the spot—yet at such times numberless crimes pass unnoticed or unregarded.

The ordinary form of barrack accommodation is a series of mud huts enclosed by a low mud wall. Such enclosures usually called camps are familiar to every traveller in China, being rendered conspicuous by a gaudy display of bunting, proclaiming in huge Chinese characters the name of the particular corps or the name of the commandant. The camps are located in the vicinity of the larger cities and may contain anything from 500 to 5,000 men. Some sort of perfunctory drill is gone through at intervals, but the greater part of the time is spent in loafing and gambling. Enlistment is voluntary and practically for life. Poor though the pay is, the superabundance of labour is such that there is never any difficulty in getting all the men that may be required, and once entered in the ranks they hang on until long past active service, for discharge means beggary.

Except in a few select corps the arms supplied are of a very inferior description. Discarded rifles from Europe of every possible pattern are to be found even in the same brigade, while neglect and rust have rendered what at best was an indifferent weapon practically useless in the field. Target practice is almost unknown, it being considered a useless expenditure of powder and lead. At one provincial centre where an unusually energetic authority had ordered the soldiers to be exercised in firing, it was found that they were

using clay bullets, sun-dried, the difference in cost presumably going into the pocket of the commanding officer.

An exception to this general neglect must however be made in the case of the troops at Nanking, Wuchang and Canton. At Nanking there is a large corps of Hunan troops numbering 10,000 or 12,000, who resemble in their equipment and training the Imperial troops near Tientsin, of whom we spoke in the previous article. Altogether the Viceroy at Nanking could put in the field 25,000 to 30,000 men reasonably well drilled and armed, in whom reliance could be placed. The majority of these men are encamped near Nanking City; four or five thousand are at Soochow, about three thousand are at the Woosung forts or at the arsenal near Shanghai, and the rest are scattered about in camps at various towns in the province, there being few cities of any size where a military command of some sort is not to be found. In the event of a conflict it is to be presumed that these men would obey the Viceroy rather than the Central Government at Peking. They know that they draw their pay from the Viceroy's funds, and the motive which prompts men to be true to their salt would probably be sufficient to keep them straight. The Hunan men certainly would throw in their lot with the Viceroy who is himself a Hunanese, and their adhesion would tend to keep the others in line.

The provincial army under Chang Chih Tung though not so numerous nor so well equipped as that of his confrère at Nanking is yet considerable. He is Viceroy of the combined provinces of Hupeh and Hunan—collectively known as Hukwang, and commands a revenue only second in importance to that of Nanking. Had he not expended his resources a few years back on ironworks and cotton mills which might have been left to private enterprise, he would have had his army and gunboats in much better condition than they are. Still it is computed that he could furnish a contingent of 20,000 fairly well armed and reliable troops.

The Viceroy of Canton who controls the two Southern Provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi probably disposes of about a similar number. It was stated in a recent telegram that 50,000 Black Flag troops were about to march from Canton to Peking. This and many similar statements are gross exaggerations. The Black Flags were a body of irregulars who under a leader named Liu Yung-fu attained some notoriety during the Tonking war. At first rebels or bandits, they were nominally taken over by the Chinese Government and their leader as a reward for his services was given the rank of a General in the Army. He was afterwards sent (1894) to Formosa with a few thousand men to defend the island against the Japanese, and did hold out for a time, escaping finally in the disguise of a coolie on board a British steamer. Since then little has been heard of him and there is no reason to suppose the Black Flag organisation any longer exists except possibly on paper. It would doubtless be easy enough for Liu Yung-fu, who has a reputation for bravery, to gather up a crowd of riff-raff if there was any prospect of pay or plunder; but to regard such a crowd, even if it existed, as a serious fighting factor is absurd.

The fighting power of the three vice-royalties of Nanking, Wuchang and Canton, if combined, would thus amount to 60,000 or 70,000, and this practically sums up the strength of the provincial armies, in so far as they are immediately ready to take the field. On paper the total strength of the provincial forces works up to something like half a million men—allowing on an average 25,000 to 30,000 for each of the eighteen provinces. But even as to number very great deductions must be made because it is a notorious fact that every general draws pay for a great many more men than he has in the ranks, supplying their places by hired coolies on an emergency. Still greater deduction must be made on the score of efficiency for reasons already stated. And finally the men are scattered over an area almost as large as Europe, and with no railways and no transport it would be impossible to concentrate them or any considerable number of them on any given point.

A consideration of these circumstances will show how

valueless is any aid which the Central Government can count upon from the provinces in its present struggle with the foreign powers. As long as the great Viceroy retains their present attitude not a man will go from the Yangtze Valley. And not merely will they decline themselves to send troops but they might even offer opposition to any contingents from the Southern provinces which sought to cross their territories. In any case troops from the South of the Yangtze could not make the journey in less than a couple of months, transport by sea being in the circumstances debarred to them.

The area on which the Central Government can draw is therefore confined to the three northerly provinces of Chihli, Shantung and Shansi. The population of this area is some 50 or 60 millions and it would doubtless be easy to induce a very large number of men influenced either by fanaticism as the Boxers, or by the prospect of pay or plunder, to come forward and offer themselves as soldiers. But while a mob of this sort can be mischievous enough against defenceless converts and in destroying railway stations, it is manifestly valueless as a defensive force. Months would be required to drill them into shape and it is probable that by this time the Government has neither arms to put in their hands nor money to pay their wages. A certain number of the ordinary troops of these provinces might be forthcoming. Yuan Shih Kai Governor of Shantung seems to be sitting on the fence and by no means disposed to risk either himself or his men. The Governor of Shansi, Yu Hsian, one of the most rabid anti-foreign Manchus, will doubtless send every man he can spare, for he must feel that his fate depends on that of the Empress Dowager's party. As Governor of Shantung he was really responsible for the origin of the Boxer movement and the murder of Mr. Brooks. Removed from Shantung on the demand of the British and American Ministers, he was rewarded with the governorship of Shansi where he has since filled up the cup of his iniquity by the massacre of a number of missionaries in his own capital of Tai-yuan-fu. It may be expected therefore that, so far as he can, he will help with men and money.

The general conclusion is that the Government of the Empress Dowager must stand or fall by the forces it has already in the field. The very pick of these troops were thrown against the handful of foreigners at Tientsin and not merely did they fail in their attack but they were themselves dislodged from selected positions, their guns captured and their arsenals burnt. The Chinese débâcle therefore does not come as a surprise.

ENGLISH RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

I.—THE GREAT WESTERN.

IT would probably be safe to say that not one per cent. of the thousands of holiday makers who are now daily using the railways of England has any notion of their history or enough railway knowledge of any kind to be in a position to take an intelligent interest in the administration which is enabling him to take his trip and return from it. We propose for the advantage of the more intelligent of travellers to pass every one of the English companies successively in review partly critical, partly historic.

The Great Western track was originally laid on the broad gauge, and to the wonderful performances of the early broad-gauge engines more than to anything else do we owe the rapid development of locomotive engineering half a century since. The battle between the advocates of "broad" and "narrow" was long and bitter and ended in the victory of the narrow but it was not until May 1892 that the broad gauge was abolished. Looking back on the past with our present knowledge, we can see that whatever be the ideal gauge for railways in England it is certainly not the wide gauge which Brunel advocated, just as it is certainly not that which was finally adopted. Still one cannot help feeling admiration for the boldness with which Brunel's great scheme was conceived and the skill with which it was carried out.

The fact that England was before other nations in

the construction of railways has been of immense value to the country in many respects but unfortunately it has had its counter-balancing disadvantages. They who first took up the great work of construction failed to foresee the indefinite developments of which the new method of transport was capable; and the adoption of Stephenson's narrow gauge with small dimensions of bridges, tunnels, and station platforms has imposed restrictions on English engineers which prevent their rivalling the achievements of their confrères in other lands where railways have been constructed at a later date. It is idle to hope that these restrictions will ever be removed, but they must always be borne in mind when comparisons are made with the superlatively good performances of foreign railways which in the all-important matters of width and height have greater freedom than our own.

Early in the history of the Great Western Company it became evident that the broad-gauge advocates could not hope to see their system ultimately triumphant, but though unable to secure its adoption outside their own territory they were by no means prepared to abandon its use themselves. Thus it was not until May 1892 that they swept it away. It was frequently said that while the broad-gauge was more expensive than the narrow to lay and maintain it offered no advantages in the conduct of traffic, that broad-gauge engines could not run faster or pull heavier trains than their rivals, and that no sound business reason could be advanced for maintaining the old system in operation. For many years previous to its final abolition the truth of these criticisms could not be denied. None the less it is clear that but for adverse circumstances the position might have been very different. In the sixties the company fell upon evil days. The ordinary stock could be purchased at something under 40 and the most rigid economy in every department became absolutely necessary if the line was to be kept going at all. The officials recognised that the narrow gauge must eventually prevail throughout Great Britain, and it is not surprising that in their position they refused to expend money on a system doomed to extinction. If new passenger carriages were required they were built with narrow-gauge bodies on broad-gauge axles, so that at any moment they could be converted, whilst the engines and permanent way retained their distinctive old-world characteristics to the last. Consequently to compare the broad-gauge in its latter days with the fully-developed lines by which it was surrounded is misleading. Indeed it is impossible to doubt that had circumstances permitted the broad-gauge system to attain its natural expansion, railway managers would have been relieved of the difficulties which now press most hardly upon them, whilst passengers would have enjoyed a speed and luxury of travel which are now for ever out of their reach.

Following on financial depression came a long period of stagnation in the affairs of the Great Western Company. To those who have known the line only as it is, it will sound incredible that so lately as 1886 there were not more than three trains running from Paddington daily which, even according to standards then prevailing, attained a high rate of speed; and of those three trains two were rigidly limited to first and second-class passengers. By this time the prosperity of the company had been restored and in 1887 came the first sign of awakening. By a new train, leaving Paddington at one o'clock, third-class passengers to the West of England were at length given the advantage of high speed from which they had hitherto been precluded. In the following year the company took over the Weymouth boat service to the Channel Islands and immediately replaced the obsolete ships then running with the pretty little "Lynx," "Antelope" and "Gazelle," followed three years later by the larger and more powerful "Ibex." Then the service to Oxford, Birmingham and the north, which had long needed attention, was remodelled, and in the following year came the extinction of the broad gauge.

In the dark days through which the company had passed the directors had in an evil moment agreed to stop all regular trains, except those carrying mails, for not less than ten minutes at Swindon station for refreshments; and now that improvements were being effected

in all directions it was felt that this intolerable delay must be got rid of at any cost. In due course the company purchased its freedom and soon made it clear that it had done so with a purpose. On 20 July, 1896, the first train was run through from London to Exeter without a stop, performing what was then and is still the longest regular run without a stop in the world. Many other improvements have been effected, the class restriction has been removed, new trains have been added in the early morning and at midnight, besides others leaving at ordinary hours throughout the day. If the comparative paucity of the local population and the scarcity of manufactures are taken into consideration, it is evident that the service to and from the West of England has reached a level of extraordinary excellence.

Nor has the company confined its improvements to one part of its system. It has carried out its policy of very long runs at high speeds in every direction. Twice daily can the traveller go through to Birmingham, 129 miles, in 145 minutes. The South Wales merchant can lunch in his morning express which conveys him from Newport to Paddington, 143 miles, without a stop. Then since the first of July in this year the tourist who wishes to visit Malvern or the Severn Valley has had at his disposal a train which takes him from London to Worcester, a distance of over 120 miles, in an unbroken run of two hours and a quarter; appreciably quicker than the journey of the same length by the East Coast Scotch expresses to Newark, notwithstanding that beyond Newark lies all the trade of the northern counties and Scotland. Whilst thus attending to the wants of its inland passengers the company has not neglected its steam-boat traffic. The size of the harbours at St. Helier's and Guernsey unfortunately puts a strict limitation on the dimensions of any boats intended to trade with the Channel Islands, but the new "Reindeer" and "Roebuck" are ships with which even the hypercritical passenger could not find much fault. Since the loss of the "Stella" last year the company have come to a very sensible arrangement with their Southampton competitors, which has added to the convenience of the service without diminishing its efficiency. It is thus the more strange that a company which could see the necessity of a good sea-going service should fail to appreciate the desirability of a correspondingly good land service to bring people to the shore. Even via Swindon and Chippenham the distance to Weymouth is only 168 miles while via Newbury it is considerably shorter, and to occupy four and a quarter hours over the journey certainly is not doing the Great Western Railway credit or even justice.

The company is also engaged upon several new works of the greatest importance. In 1886 was opened the Severn Tunnel, the longest tunnel and the greatest engineering work that England has yet seen. From the first it has been used for coal traffic from South Wales, saving as it does a detour of fifteen miles via Gloucester, and its opening brought about an entirely new north and south service of express trains via Shrewsbury and Pontypool Road. At the same time it was felt that the difficulty of getting through Bristol would always check express trains running between South Wales and London by this route, so the company are now constructing a new line from a point between Swindon and Bath direct to the tunnel which will not only have the effect of avoiding Bristol but will also shorten the distance run and will incidentally avoid two steep inclines on the old main line which have always given trouble.

Besides this work the company have in hand the new route to the north; the direct route to Exeter, which has been talked of for many years but is still far from completion; and last but not of least importance to Londoners, a new route to Ascot; so that, as far as appearances indicate, the Great Western line is likely to make as much progress in the next ten years as it has done in the decade which has just passed.

The Great Western has long held a high place in the public estimation for comfort of travelling, especially in the smoothness of the going. In a Great Western express train it is possible to write with ease we speak from experience. The rolling stock was good even when the trains were bad, and after experimenting

with a number of corridor trains the company has recently put on to the Milford service a train designed on the plan to which it is probable that in the end all English expresses will approximate. In the matters of lighting and steam-heating the Great Western are specially good; indeed as to heating they are almost the only English line which treats its obligations seriously. On the other hand the refreshment arrangements are distinctly defective. To obtain a cup of tea without leaving your carriage is by no means an easy task. Very frequently the thirsty traveller who has been anxiously watching the boy with the tea-truck coming down the platform finds when it has at length reached his carriage that the store of tea is all exhausted—a very irritating discovery. Especially is the company backward in the use of dining cars, the addition of which to many of their trains would be an immense advantage to the public, while it would probably bring in a satisfactory revenue to the company.

The locomotives of this line have since the abolition of the broad gauge undergone a very rapid development. For many years previously to 1891 the mechanical engineering department had suffered from the paralysis which had checked the growth of the train services. But at length the time came when the company were compelled to order many new engines to deal with the new trains which were being arranged in rapid succession all over the system. Latterly engine after engine and type after type have succeeded one another at Swindon in a way that is almost bewildering. For fifty years the Great Western was faithful to what is technically known as "single" engines, that is engines with one large driving wheel, generally plentifully decorated with polished brasswork, whose appearance never failed to impress all who saw them. But this company has at last followed the example of its neighbours and under the pressure of constantly increasing traffic has abandoned the old type in favour of engines more suited to modern conditions, and it is understood that as things stand at present no more single wheelers will be built.

. [Next week's article in this series will be on the London and North-Western.]

THE TALE OF THE SEXTON.

SEGERSTANE, segsten, saxton, sacristan, sexton, his name should proclaim our friend the sacristarius or sacrist of the Canon Law. But, alas! the true sacristarius is the clerk to whom the archdeacon has granted the care and custody of the sacred vessels, the ecclesiastical vestments, the books and the like, which are the treasures of the Church. And he is so called from the sacred things of which he has the keeping, as the place where such things are kept is in Latin called the sacrum, or with us the vestry. Now there is with us to-day a true sacristarius in the minor canon in certain of our Cathedral churches, on whom it lies to minister to the care of the fabric and ornaments of the edifice, to provide for the altar, and to order and direct the last rites of the departed. But in this sense our sexton is no sacrist. The care of the ornaments and fabric of the parish church is primarily for the wardens, of the graveyard for the parish priest, and he intermeddles with such but as the servant of one or other, or both of such parties. Nor is anything at all entrusted to him by the archdeacon, nor has he the care of the sacrum.

The Church lawyer of more modern days again has vainly pictured him as the ostiarius, the lowest of the minor orders, whose duty it is to open and shut the inward and outward doors of the church, to admit the faithful, and ward off the schismatic and infidel. The more learned translator of our 1603 canons with greater truth applies this name to the parish clerk. In truth it is of the essence of the sacrist and ostiarius alike that they shall be in orders, and our parish sexton from the day that we first meet him in the fifteenth century seems always a layman or a laywoman, and 'tis clear that the latter may not hold a clerical office.

The parish sexton in fact springs from the same causes that call into being the churchwarden. The

Canon Law gives no office in the Church, not even the humblest, to any man not in orders, and in our cathedral churches, where the national custom comes not into play, the true sacrist has a proper place. But in the parish churches where, by the national custom, the burden of repairing the nave and of furnishing the church ornaments lies on the shoulders of the lay folk, the wardens as the lay folk's representatives act upon the principle that calls the tune of the piper, and in the teeth of the canonists' rules themselves act as the sacrist, while they goodnaturedly leave it to their and the priests' servant to usurp his name.

What manner of man though was he to whom the vestrymen, whose grey goose feathers sped the white shower of death on Towton or Tewkesbury field, paid the due number of pence "pro custodia campanarum" or "for ye sexteneship for ye halfe yere"? Perchance that sexton of thirty years' standing, who plies the spade over Ophelia's coffin, may make answer. The dark horror of the walking sprite hangs heavy on the merry England of the knightly years, and something of this dread links itself to the person of the sullen or jibing clown who in many a village wields the sexton's spade. Hence perchance it is that they mention him so little. A sexton, true, there must be in the parish and paid somehow or other he must be, generally from the vestry money, though here and there we find him taking certain fixed dues, as two pennies from each house in the parish. But how they chose him they say not, and the true character of his office has been a problem hard of solution for our latter day Courts of Justice. Was it for the priest or was it for the wardens to appoint to him his tasks? How comes it to pass, that the custom to appoint and remove him varies in different parishes? Why does the office sometimes seem to pass from father to son for four generations? We cannot say.

But probably the work of the poor mediæval clown varied but little from that of his modern representative. To help the wardens to keep order in service hours, to provide at their behest the bread and wine for the altar and the water for the font, to see that the lights are burning, that the bells chime, and the church floor is swept, to open the vaults and to break the sod in God's acre at the bidding of the parish priest, these have been for four hundred years and more the tasks of the parish sexton.

He owes much indeed to those Tudor changes in things ecclesiastical. From a clown and servant he blossoms forth into a grave public official. And this comes to pass in two ways. The parish church under a minister who frowns on church ales, and ever orates on the "wrath to come" is no more the blithesome religious club of yore. 'Tis all so gloomy, that the sexton and his spade seem its proper adjuncts. And now moreover the parish guilds are gone, the band of jovial ringers is scattered, for no more may they ring the bells on the loved (and superstitious) eves. There is but one of the old servants left to the church in the sexton, and as he nowadays oftentimes unites with his old functions those of the parish clerk, he rises into repute, until at last on one great day in the golden years of the Merry Monarch, the judges of the King's Bench discover that he holds his post by a tenure of the same nature as the dread steward of the Court Leet. No more an underling or a clown, he is judged in Banco Regis the dignified possessor of a freehold office, and though the spirituality may lecture him, as they will, 'tis (save where they can prove a contrary custom) beyond their power to turn him out.

And for the most part he wears the honours and the official garb in which he is now often clad with befitting dignity. May be that mid the Somerset meadows a kindly fairy arranged the fate of that one wicked sexton, just "pour encourager les autres." He was in truth a bad fellow, and undignified withal, that sexton. Round the village he went singing his doggerel

"All life is grass,
And grass is hay;
We're here to-morrow,
And gone to-day"

until one hour it entered into his wicked mind to convert to his own uses the jewels with which a loving Romeo had bedecked his dead love. 'Twas

dark when this ruffian entered the vault, and darker when his sacrilegious tools forced the coffin lid, and his lantern's light flashed on the face of the dead. And then did the blue eyes of a swooning Juliet open on the deed of sacrilege, or did ghostly fingers clasp his coat tails with an iron grasp, until he fled in fear and left them in the open coffin? The good wives round the blazing hearth differ in the details; but on this they all agree, that in a few brief hours the wretch had buried for ever in the village pond his own villainy and his order's shame.

There were after him none others such as he, or at least we hear not of them. Dignified seems the sexton's life and long the sexton's years in the days that glide away betwixt the tea-cups of good Queen Anne, and the country dances of gentle Jane Austen. Thus you read in the old register:

April 30th, 1759. Died Mary Hall, Sexton of Bishop-hill, aged 105. "She walked about and retained her senses till within three days of her death."

Or again you turn into an old Yorkshire churchyard and decipher on the tomb of a sexton who "departed this life August 3rd, 1769, in his 70th year.

'Forty-eight years strange to tell,
He bore the bier and toll'd the bell,
And faithfully discharged his trust
In "earth to earth, and dust to dust."'"

And he had given seven thousand bodies to their last rest.

And our Georgian sexton blent the stateliness and loyalty of old-world rank with the grace of humanity. If the days for the Church were dark, if the Methodist preacher was drawing away the flighty folk from their parents' ways, if there was a Jacobin of the London taverns expounding Tom Paine's blasphemies and treasons to the yokels over their ale at the village hostel, there still was the old man in the churchyard, belauding the Book of Common Prayer, smiling gently on those good young women

"Who kept their church, all church days during Lent,"

and cautioning all and sundry that 'twas wicked to tread o'er the graves in sun or moon and bad luck in the dark.

And where there was sorrow his heart was ever open:

"For all the village came to him,
When they had need to call,
His counsel free to all was given,
For he was kind to all."

And then he had his hours of meditation. When the fog was rising, and he was alone in the churchyard with the dead, he would rest on his spade and his aged eyes would strangely hover about between that one mound, which his hand had not reared, for it covered the child of his old age, and those three lorn graves, wherein he had laid the poor victims in that one dark village story, that had so shattered the arcadian peace of his days and had made him put such strange questions to the vicar. And as he gazed it would seem as if those three graves gave up their dead, and the poor creatures all came forth again and played their parts once more. And then he looked up and saw the young poet standing before him, and the sorrows of the old heart broke into words:

"Except that grave, you scarce see one
That was not dug by me,
I'd rather dance upon them all,
Than tread upon those three."

And the poet listed to the tale and made it immortal.

Alas! the dear old man is now passing away for ever. Our revival upon selfish hygienic grounds of the pagan cemetery leaves him in many a parish an anachronism. And the church has so many new faces about it now, organist, surplised choirman, acolyte, what not, that the old parish officer scarcely knows the place. And then our legislative destruction of the old parish system has sorely perplexed him and upset his mind.

And worst of all the parson is saying:—"It is an unsatisfactory thing to have a sexton at all. You cannot remove him, if you wish." In many a parish they do not in fact appoint him and in many another, where they do,

they mock him with their foolish name of "verger." The newfangled world seems incompetent to understand, or utilise a freehold officer of the parish. They may then get whom they will to dig the graves and do the work and pay them how they will, these new sort of vicars and these impudent parish councillors. His old friend Death has a kindly eye to the parish sexton, and soon shall he live only in history.

"GUEUX DES CHAMPS."

NEITHER pines nor rocks rise at Sannois: its wood, in many respects, is far inferior to the forests of Fontainebleau and Montmorency. It does not cover countless acres. It has never been haunted by wolves. It cannot even lay claim to a fox. Pierced in the beginning by a wide road it gives one the impression of being thin, tame, delightfully safe. Paths, however, soon lead off the road; and turn into thickets, and grow narrower and narrower. You must stoop at times, you must break a branch occasionally; should you resolve to settle down you must put aside a thistle or a sharp twig or a thread of thorns. Then, installed luxuriously at last, you may watch the insects, stare at the trees, dig in the moss. Only surly natures will not be soothed by the silent charms and shady coolness of the place. Nothing stirs, nothing startles; the very insects are incapable of doing more than hurrying across a fallen leaf or climbing up a blade of grass. The leaf trembles, so does the blade—but that is not enough to provoke a breach of the peace. Nor are the insects in themselves alarming; ten millions of them together would not surpass your size—for they are mere specks, red or green, and so humble that they make way officiously for the biggest of them all, the ant. If, by chance, they should happen on your hand, they are far more terrified than you; they did not mean to arrive there—it came about accidentally, inexplicably; and if, in their hurry to retreat, they lose their way and near your neck, it is simply because they cannot always walk and see quite straight. As time goes on, a sense of childishness besets you. Over there, some dozen miles away, men are roaring at the Bourse; tourists drooping in the Exhibition; petits employés speeding across the bridges of the Seine with heavy dossiers. Everyone is occupied, except yourself. Everyone is more or less mindful of a worry, whereas you—in your isolation—have forgotten yours. Everyone is hot; everyone is being jostled; everyone's temper is detestable over there, while you—on your moss—are cool and comfortable, as careless as a child, and just as irresponsible. Were it not too much of an exertion you would no doubt grub in the earth like a happy "gosse:" building up that baby castle commenced absent-mindedly half-an-hour ago, digging deeper into that unfinished hole. Soon, however, sleepiness ensues; you would doze: and do. But your slumber is not so deep as to render you unconscious of the insect on your forehead who has again gone wrong and whom you brush away; not proof against the sound of footsteps, the breaking of branches, that announce the arrival of a passer-by. Startled, you sit up, and, in the distance, on the path before you, see—a bent and weather-beaten old fellow, burdened with a bundle, leaning on a stick, who is slowly but very surely coming your way. His face is hidden, for he stoops so much. But when he pauses, when he scans the path, a pair of bright eyes, a ragged grey beard, and a bare brown throat become visible. And when he shifts the bundle; leans still more heavily on the stick; approaches; passes without so much as looking up, you recognise in him the "Éternel Errant" of whom Richepin writes so wonderfully; the "gueux des champs," or Chemineau.

Bent and weather-beaten he goes, the branches swaying to and fro behind him. Now he disappears; soon he can be seen again, once more he pauses. Then, he takes another path: and vanishes. En route he may meet a second idler by the wayside; but will pass him without a glance, without a greeting. When the sun begins to sink peasants may cross his path; but he will neither nod his head nor ask about the crops. Slowly and silently he goes, making a secret of his

mission. . . . How infinitely he differs from that other wanderer, the English tramp! He, the "Éternel Errant," is picturesque, mysterious; while "Weary William" and "Hungry Harry" (as so-called comic papers dub the tramp) have never adorned, never lent interest to a lane. One shuns mankind; the others seek it. One has been influenced by the silence of the woods; the others are above all things garrulous. One wanders with no goal, no purpose; the others have an obvious end, conduct a mercenary business. Still, we would know more about the Chemineau before describing him as disinterested and honest. In a way he suffers for his silence: it renders one suspicious. And that bundle; what does it contain? And that stick; why is it filled with lead, and very heavy? Perhaps it is not only through sheer pleasure, that the Chemineau shemines. We do not accuse, be it remembered; we merely wonder. If, however, the bundle hides stores not quite honestly come by, it certainly does not conceal a chicken. It is more innocent than "Weary William's" bundle: contains cherries from the fields, a peach or two, and perhaps a lettuce. And since this Chemineau is old the weight of the stick is excusable; it would bend were it lighter and break, and then the Chemineau who has carried it for years and got to look upon it as a companion and with the love that richer people look upon heirlooms, then the Chemineau would be quite bowed down with sorrow. Still, he should be more sociable; sceptics no doubt would be silenced were he to unfold his plans, disclose his mission. Another point needs light: why does the Chemineau shun the society of his brethren? In pairs, they could exchange reminiscences, compare adventures. It is odd that they should prefer to be alone; odd that Footsteps sound again, branches are broken once more. Another Chemineau.

"Salut," we are bold enough to say; and he stops. As he is not enough of a mondain to "make" conversation, the next overture has also to be offered by us. And so we praise the weather; and admire the wood; and prattle about the insects, and get the curt reply, "Ils sont chez eux." Thinking to flatter him, we insist that he, also, is "chez lui;" and he is good enough to nod his head. Then we more or less apologise for our presence, our intrusion; but he is not polite enough to return our courtesy by declaring us to be "chez nous." Depressing, this—and far from promising. Alms, resented as an insult, would be refused. Our position becomes painful; we wish we had let him pass when, all at once, the Chemineau inquires how long we have been established on the moss. And we reply "for hours;" and protest that we could remain for hours more, and that woods are better than towns and insects more interesting than men. And the Chemineau approves of us—for he smiles; and pointing with his stick to the thicket above and the valley below; to the paths that start off and lead we have no idea where; to the insects at his feet, declares with eloquence that the spectacle is supreme, and that the devil made men and watches over towns while the "bon Dieu" gave life to insects and presides over woods. "Salut," he concludes abruptly; before we can reply he passes on. . . . Shadows fall; soon the sun will set, then darkness will descend upon the wood. During these hot nights it is no hardship to sleep in the open beneath a starry sky; indeed, we almost envy the Chemineau his couch of moss. Nature smiles upon him; he is a veritable king, crowned by the sun. But what will his lot be six months hence when snow lies thick upon the ground, when everything is frozen? Will he wander still? Will he still fulfil his mission? Will he—? A third Chemineau appears; approaches; passes by. And, shortly after, we perceive another on a somewhat distant path; and through the trees, further still, what seems a shadow with a bundle and a stick; and, at intervals, stooping figures now far now near, now vanishing now reappearing, until we think that sunset is the signal for all the Chemineaux within miles to start a-moving.

And so it is. Deeper and deeper, they penetrate into the wood, at least a dozen of them, yet each one alone, all divided. At no point do they meet; each has his path, his portion. Now and again they peer into a

thicket or survey a valley; half an-hour later they may be encountered or seen from a distance, seated. Mysterious, moody fellows! At once natural would it be for them to untie their bundles and take their meal together. They might share their spoils: exchanging some gruyère for a lettuce, a cherry for a strawberry. They might cook over one large fire; there would be no need for those several smoking heaps, that give up clouds each night in the Sannois woods, were these strange wanderers more attached to one another. And it would be less eerie, a circle of Chemineaux, cooking, chatting, eating, than a Chemineau here, another there, a third near by cooking for himself and by himself, munching. The stars come out; the moon rises, and, as we reach the summit of a small incline, throws light upon a plot of heather. Smoke mounts from it; we peer. Low voices echo; we strain our eyes to see. And lo! there, before us, sit three old fellows, surrounding some vessel posed upon a fire. Beside them lie their sticks, their bundles now undone; and they are chatting, spreading forth their spoils, preparing what seems to be an elaborate dinner. We wait; the vessel is removed, its matter tasted. We watch; the Chemineaux drink a toast from the same bottle, one after the other. We go; but look back again and again to view the amazing spectacle of three old gueux passing their bottle to drink a health, dining beneath a starry sky, round a smoking fire, imperturbably upon a plot of heather. And, all at once, we realise our position and are startled by it; ten at night! We are in a ghostly wood, with mysterious men about us. And we hasten, never straying from the middle of the way, yet casting suspicious glances as we pass. And through the thickets, now and then, something moves; a stooping form leaning on a stick, a shadow with a bundle; now vanishing, now re-appearing, now pausing. Restless spirits! "Éternels Errants!" Bent and weather-beaten; slowly and silently they go, keeping the secret of their mission.

INSURANCE: THE CLERGY MUTUAL.

THERE are few life assurance companies, if indeed there are any at all, that are better managed than the Clergy Mutual, few, if any, that yield better results to their policy-holders and yet that are apparently appreciated less by the class to which they especially appeal. The Clergy Mutual, as its name implies, confines its business to the clergy and their relations. It is true the relationship is reckoned as being so extensive that nearly everybody ought to be able to comply with the qualifications required; but when we look at the number of policies issued each year the figures for so good a society are extremely disappointing. The new policies are only 431 in number, and the new premiums amount to less than 3½ per cent. of the total premiums. This is a smaller proportion than is exhibited by any other office with the single exception of one other excellent company, the London Life Association. It is true that both these offices, in common with one or two others, pay no commission for the introduction of business, and the penalty for dispensing with the persuasive agent is the small new business, and the slow growth of the office.

No doubt the Society with a small new business obtained at a low cost, does better for its members than it would with a larger business more extravagantly managed, and we are in no way finding fault with the Society when we complain that its business is so small. The people with whom we are quarrelling are the clergy and their relations, who have the right to take a policy with the Society and who either assure with other offices, or, worse still, take no assurance at all, and yet no other company presents a better means of doing so than the Clergy Mutual.

The Society is a mutual office, so that the whole profits go to the policy-holders. It is managed at an expenditure that does not exceed 6½ per cent. of the premiums, as compared with an average expenditure by British companies in general of more than 15 per cent. Its reserves, and consequently its provision for future bonuses, are quite unusually strong. It provides

for meeting all its liabilities on the supposition that its funds will only earn interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, and as it is actually earning more than 3½ per cent. there is the substantial margin of more than 1½ per cent. of the funds to accumulate for bonuses.

When we examine the actual bonuses that it declares and compare the amounts of assurance that may be obtained for a given premium in the Clergy Mutual, and in other offices, the Society is seen to do remarkably well for its policy-holders. The policies that the office issues are well selected, and the premium rates that it charges are substantially below the average at nearly all ages. It is in fact an example of life assurance at its very best.

To those familiar with insurance matters these statements are mere truisms. The reputation of the office stands too high to need recommendation, and what does need to be urged upon the clergy and their connexions is not so much the advantages of the Clergy Mutual Society in particular, as the advantages of life assurance in general. It is a compliment to the clergy as a whole to state that they are usually bad men of business; there is perhaps no class that is more easily deceived by specious promises of high interest on investments than the ordinary business man knows to be worthless, and it may be confidently said that ninety-nine clergy out of every hundred who have any money to invest would do better to invest it with the Clergy Mutual, than to trust their judgment in connexion with other investments that promise high rates of interest. To those who have no means of saving or of investing in the ordinary sense of the word the necessity for life assurance is too obvious to need dwelling upon, and we can imagine few better results from the publication of an article than inquiry about the Clergy Mutual resulting in the issue of a largely increased number of policies, either to those who are already assured, or to those who have hitherto persuaded themselves that they have done their duty to those dependent upon them by abstaining from life assurance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WAR AND COMPENSATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cape Town, 24 July, 1900.

SIR,—Christian de Wet is at present leading several of our Generals a pretty dance and incidentally causing a good many of us who want very badly to get back to Johannesburg to say hard things, in our irritation, of the "Glass Eyes"; but before this reaches you I have no doubt that the centre of interest will have shifted. The question of compensation for losses suffered in consequence of the war is naturally one which affects the commercial community very deeply, and we are glad to see that the Government have accepted the principle so far as the colonies are concerned. No announcement has however as yet been made in reference to those which have been incurred by loyal British subjects in the Republics and a petition has recently been presented to the High Commissioner on the subject. It has been pointed out that until a definite promise has been made many people will be unable to obtain the credit necessary to enable them to continue their businesses and that without compensation very many persons whose stocks of merchandise have been commandeered or looted would be absolutely ruined.

Compensation cannot be enforced in a court of law—it is only granted as an act of grace—though it may be pointed out that precedents have been created in the Franco-German war where the German requisitions were duly acknowledged at the close of the war; in the case of the bombardment of Alexandria; and also in the former Boer war, though in the last-named the compensation was in many cases so meagre that a good deal of bitterness was caused, and I believe that the sons of one of the British families that suffered in consequence are now fighting on the Boer side. In business parlance we say that if England takes over the assets of the country, which are of enormous value, she must also take over the liabilities, and the

justice of that position will probably in due time be acknowledged.

It has been hinted that the reason why no pronouncement has yet been made is that it was feared that if the Boers knew that England would make the losses good it would be an inducement to them to do as much damage as possible, but now that Johannesburg and Pretoria are occupied and British interests are practically secured, there should be no further necessity for withholding a statement on the subject, and it is a matter of urgency that such a statement should be made at a very early date.

We understand that no direct grant will be made from the Imperial Exchequer but that the Transvaal will itself have to pay for all compensation: in other words the amount will be added to the indemnity. It is supposed that the indemnity will amount to perhaps twenty millions, and compared with that the amount required for compensation to loyalists in the republics would not be large: the mines will probably not make any claims, and, if so, the amount might not exceed half a million.

Under an honest government and more favourable conditions the interest on a loan of twenty to twenty-five millions could certainly be provided together with provision for a sinking fund to extinguish the amount in, say, fifty years. It is possible that by that time the Johannesburg reefs may have been worked out, but in the meantime others will probably have been discovered: I am told that engineers making a cutting near Pretoria have recently struck a very rich reef, and it has been generally understood that there were rich goldfields in the neighbourhood of Pretoria but that the President did not want another Johannesburg there.

In considering the question of compensation it should not be forgotten that the people who have suffered are almost without exception those who locked up their premises and left the country. Few of those who remained and continued to trade in the country—and consequently with the enemy—have suffered to any extent, although it seems a little doubtful whether they will be allowed to retain the bar gold with which their accounts with the Boer Government have latterly been paid. Several of these firms, it may be mentioned, have done a good business during the war and are further in a position to make preparations for catering for the brisk trade which is expected to ensue when Johannesburg is populated once again.

It is to be feared that the Germans will have a big pull in this way and that they will get their brands on to the market to an extent that would not otherwise have been the case. It is therefore very desirable that the British houses, which have been shut out of the Transvaal since last October, should be able to send their representatives up as soon as military exigencies may permit, so that they may make the preliminary arrangements necessary for restarting their businesses. I hear, by the by, that a new railway is being built from Vereeniging to Johannesburg and that 12,000 natives are employed on it. This will relieve the traffic and form a useful lever in the negotiations with the Netherlands Company.

Yours truly,
A JOHANNESBURG MERCHANT.

THE FUTURE OF THE IRISH LANDLORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sligo, 13 August, 1900.

SIR,—“Desdichado” in his able letter in your issue of 4th inst. does not put his finger on the real hardship inflicted on the good Irish landlords by the Liberal legislation of the past, doing away with all security of title and therefore of improvement.

This suits the picturesque Celt who lives for present enjoyment, caring nothing for the future, and besides he is the victim of his priest, who again is the tool of the Roman Curia, who wants undivided control in Ireland. Priests and politicians have hunted the same hare, assisted by “The Liberal Party” in England, Scotland and Wales which has met with its just punishment for its fatal error, but it owes compensation to those it has

defrauded, and it is bound to make restitution. Until it does this it cannot merit the confidence of the English nation.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN ONLOOKER.

DOG LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

151 Strand, W.C., 15 August, 1900.

SIR,—The President of the Board of Agriculture has been asked, by Mr. Channing, M.P., and Mr. Griffith, M.P., whether the risk of the introduction of rabies into England from abroad would not be avoided by an order requiring that every imported dog should be provided with a veterinary certificate of health, and be kept for a short time under observation by a skilled veterinary surgeon; and no sane person can doubt that such a sensible, practical and perfectly feasible system would safeguard every imaginable danger. The reply given in the House on behalf of Mr. Long was worthy of that gentleman and of the best traditions of his department. If a veterinary certificate is in Mr. Long's estimation nothing more than waste paper, what value can be attached to the certificates—as to rabies &c.—issued by the veterinary officials of the Board of Agriculture? Mr. Long declares, by this statement, that they are quite worthless!

The inconsistency of Mr. Long's dog legislation, always astounding, is, in this Importation of Dogs Order, simply startling. He has the audacity to presume in the face of all experience and of expert evidence, that a dog who has been "passed as sound" would suddenly burst forth in a rabid state even when carefully watched by a veterinary surgeon; he must, therefore, not only be isolated for a much longer period than rabies takes to develop, but must also be muzzled day and night, indoors and out of doors, for six months, and must not be exercised, even though wearing the prescribed wire muzzle. Now, sir, by forbidding exercise to a dog even under the condition of being led, and also muzzled in accordance with his own remarkable and impossible decree, Mr. Long admits the absolute uselessness of the muzzle as a protection against rabies. Why, then, does he order it to be worn? And why does he so obstinately and arbitrarily insist on the infringement of this particular regulation being penalised by prosecution and a heavy fine? He has acknowledged the inefficiency of the muzzle as a protection; its enforcement is, therefore, wholly unjustifiable cruelty, which should not be tolerated.

Mr. Long cannot extricate himself from the false position in which he has placed himself!

The Continental rabies returns, dragged forward by Mr. Long in support of his ridiculous and cruel quarantine regulations, are so extravagantly and grotesquely impossible that they ought not to deceive a mind of the most ordinary intelligence. Common sense, reason, and knowledge alike clearly demonstrate that if the alleged enormous numbers of rabid dogs had really overrun the Continent—a very pregnant "if" this—few persons or dogs could have escaped the disease. But those returns, based upon the purely fictitious and utterly untrustworthy statistics of the discredited Pasteur Institutes, are, fortunately, as completely valueless as Mr. Long's uncalled-for and futile attempt to "stamp out" a very rare disease, whose prevalence existed only in the imagination of himself and of those interested in its manufacture, and whose extinction is, in consequence, equally imaginary.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. A. M. BAILEY,

Member of Executive Committee

National Canine Defence League.

THE NEO-RUSSIAN MUSICAL SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 Ethelden Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.,
10 August, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—The approaching Promenade Concert Season leads me to draw the attention of your musical

critic to an injustice which has been done, alike to the musical public and to a certain school of composers, in the selection of the works to be performed.

The school I refer to is that pleasant intellectual "coterie" of which first Balakirew and then Borodin were the centre, and of which Liszt was so warm an admirer: the so-called Neo-Russian School, which has recently received much attention in this country.

It is undeniable that these composers, following the Berlioz-Liszt tradition of programme music, have often chosen subjects which, by their sensational and barbaric character, have been made the occasion of much which, taken apart from its programme basis, is open to be stigmatised as cacophony by unimaginative listeners.

Borodin laid the scene of his "Prince Igor" amongst semi-savage tribes, and strove to give the music an appropriate barbaric "couleur locale." Rimsky-Korsakow took a subject from the Arabian Nights—demanding Oriental modes of expression, in respect of which he is at any rate to be congratulated on having avoided the well-worn conventional tricks. Moussorgsky's symphonic poem "Une nuit sur le Mont Chauve" is written up to its title. Other lesser lights, such as Liadow, Cui, &c., occasionally descended to trickery of the "Musical Snuff-box" order, charming of its kind, but irrelevant. Many of these works have been performed here, and the result has been that public and critics alike have been led to believe that these noisy exuberances or trivial fooleries adequately represent the life-work of the leaders of the school.

Nothing could be more unjust. All of them have produced works of greater artistic value than those referred to: symphonies, overtures, &c., such as those by Balakirew, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakow, Glazounow, and many others, not to speak of string quartettes and innumerable lesser works which are rarely heard. One might as well judge Tchaikowsky by his "Danse Arabe" as Borodin by his "Danses Polovtsiennes," and yet this is what those who provide for our musical wants ask us to do. It is an injustice both to the composers and to the audiences. I am hoping against hope that I may some day hear Borodin's magnificent symphonies the scores of which I am acquainted with. I may after all have to go to the Continent to do so.

Surely there is something requiring explanation in the fact that only the more forced works of this school have been performed. It does not rest with the critics, who for the most part have been unmerciful.

I shall be very glad if your musical critic can satisfy my curiosity on this point. With apologies for trespassing on your space, I beg to remain, yours faithfully,

EDWIN EVANS.

SWALLOWS AND FLIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Odiham, Hampshire, 12 August, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I must venture to criticise the critic's critic. The writer of the interesting review of Mr. Churton Collins's new work on Tennyson, in referring to the changing of "The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee," to "The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly," says that swallows do not hunt "what we commonly call flies." Indeed they do. There is scarcely a more familiar sight in nature in England than that of the swallows and martins hawking up and down the streams and snapping up the Ephemeridæ of several species, such as—to give them their popular names—olive dun, watery dun and iron blue, &c., which are all "commonly called flies." Tennyson had probably seen this sight many and many a time.

The above is a matter of fact. In regard to a matter of opinion, may I say that I dissent earnestly from your reviewer's statement that it is time for a "critical life" of Tennyson to be written? That is distinctly a work we do not want. We have a beautiful and an authoritative memoir of Tennyson, which, together with his complete works, is quite sufficient. We know quite well what Tennyson's wishes in this matter were, and ought to respect them.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

REVIEWS.

THE PROSODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

"William Shakespeare. Prosody and Text. An Essay in Criticism, being an Introduction to a better Editing and a more adequate Appreciation of the Works of the Elizabethan Poets." By A. P. Van Dam, with the assistance of C. Stoffel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1900. 15s. net.

THOUGH this work has a disagreeably pretentious tone and lays claim to an originality to which it has no title, inasmuch as it merely expands what Dr. Ingleby, Dr. Abbot and many other English and German critics have long been working at, it is an elaborate and solid contribution to verbal criticism in its application to the texts of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Few people are aware of the great difficulties involved in the settlement of these texts, and more especially in the settlement of Shakespeare's text. In the first place we are almost entirely ignorant of the exact pronunciation of Elizabethan English. We have to deal with phraseology absolutely indeterminate and unfixed, with a grammar so anomalous as to be irreducible to system, with a prosody the laws of which can often only be conjectured, or ascertained by dubious inference, and with an orthography so purely capricious that it is by no means uncommon to find the same word spelt in two or three different ways on the same page, and even in the same line. The consequence of this has been that editors have frequently altered the text of Shakespeare as it stands in the Quartos and the First Folio, where there was not only no necessity for altering it, but where alteration seriously affects the rhythm, and even the sense. In some cases this has been the result of ignorance of the ancient inflexions. In the "Comedy of Errors" for example we find

"The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth,"

and in "Hamlet"

"The great man down, you mark his *favourites flies*,
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies"

where the editors have almost universally altered "clamours" and "favourites" into singulars, under the impression that they were correcting obvious grammatical errors, whereas the text was perfectly right, the "s" being the old plural inflection. So again in "The Merchant of Venice" "*Hath* all his *ventures* failed?" has been altered into "have," but "hath" is the correct reading, being the old plural. Dozens of impertinent emendations have been introduced into Shakespeare's text, because editors have not been aware that the custom of using the same word in different senses in one line, or even twice in contiguous lines, however repugnant to a modern ear, was deliberately affected by the Elizabethan poets. Thus in "Othello," II. 1, we have

"If this poor *trash* of Venice, whom I *trash*
For his quick hunting"

and in "Henry V."

"To England will I *steal* and I'll steal."

We may therefore be perfectly certain that the First Folio reading of the line in "Macbeth" which editors have always suspected, namely

"Cleanse the *stuff'd* bosom of the perilous *stuff*
Which weighs upon the heart"

is what Shakespeare wrote. It is indeed always perilous to alter a reading which we find in the original copies, that is in the Quartos or in the First Folio, however erroneous that reading may at first sight appear to be. Let us take one or two examples. In the First Folio text of "Julius Cæsar" we find

"Against the Capitol I met a lion
Who *glaz'd* upon me and went surly by."

All the editors, without exception we believe, have assumed that this is an obvious misprint, either for "glar'd" as Pope corrected, or "gaz'd" as Johnson corrected, and have so altered the text. And yet "glaz'd" is almost certainly the right reading, "glaze"

or "glaze" being an obsolete word meaning a steady stare, as we learn from James I.'s translation of the "Urania" of Du Bartas "I gave a lusty glaze." Again in "Coriolanus" it is said of war that it is "spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent." Here the puzzled editors have supposed that "full of vent" must be a misprint for "full of vaunt," and so in innumerable editions of Shakespeare we find it printed. But "vent" is perfectly right. It is a technical term for hunting: "vent" meaning to scent the game, and so "full of vent" means full of the excitement caused by the scent of the game. Thus we find in an old poem "The Blazon of the Hart"

"And when my hound doth straine upon the vent."

It is exactly what Shakespeare has elsewhere so graphically expressed in "Henry V." where he represents the King saying to his soldiers

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
Straining upon the start."

By altering therefore the word full of *vent* into full of *vaunt* a splendidly vivid image is transformed into tame commonplace. And these are examples of the way in which Shakespeare's text is habitually treated by his editors.

Some twenty-five years ago the late Dr. Ingleby published a most interesting book under the quaint title of "Shakespeare Hermeneutics or The Still Lion," the object of which was to show the danger of tampering with the text of the Quartos and First Folio, and he gave several examples of the ignorance and folly of emendatory criticism. The truth is that editors cannot be too careful and conservative with respect to the text of the original copies, a text which ought never to be altered, except in cases of absolute necessity. Messrs. Van Dam and Stoffel have done good service in directing attention to this, and in showing how all attempts to settle the texts of our Elizabethan poets and dramatists must be based on a scrupulously exact study of the original editions, and of Elizabethan English generally. The essential connexion between prosody and orthography is obvious, and, before the laws of Elizabethan prosody can be determined, it is clear that our study of it must be based on properly established texts. No pains should be spared to ascertain the exact pronunciation of the English of that age, and this can only be deduced by a comparative study of the way in which words are spelt, and of their collocation in ascertained metrical schemes. To this branch of critical research Messrs. Van Dam and Stoffel have made a most interesting and most valuable contribution. But here our praise of their work must end.

Of their attempt to throw light on the prosody of Shakespeare and his contemporaries we can only say that it is based on an hypothesis which is radically unsound. The laws of metre can be ascertained and fixed, and canons can be established, as precise and infallible as Porson's in their application to the Iambic Senarius. But the laws of rhythm admit of no such precise formulation. The only criterion is a criterion which no analysis can reduce to law. Establish a rule, and the exceptions render it nugatory: provide formulæ and the moment they are applied they break down. There is much in Shakespeare's versification which can be reduced to the laws of metre, particularly in the earlier plays, but his most characteristic versification is purely rhythmical, and as irreducible to formulæ as the expression of emotion on mobile human features, or the tones in a sympathetically sensitive human voice. We do not deny that elaborate tables noting instances of syncope of "a," of "e," of "i" and of almost every letter of the alphabet, of the dropping of consonants, of Apocope, of Synalephe, of the dropping of entire words and the like are of great use, if only to demonstrate that critics have no right to alter arbitrarily the reading of the First Folio. To give one example. The well-known lines in "Macbeth" in which Macbeth describes the murder scene are thus printed in the First Folio:—

"So were their Daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their Pillows: they star'd and were distracted,
No man's Life was to be trusted with them."

And yet all the editors down to those of the Globe

Edition rearrange them needlessly, and even erroneously, thus :—

"So were their daggers which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows;
They star'd and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them."

Though there is much which is demonstrably unsound, and more which is questionable, in Messrs. Van Dam's and Stoffel's theories of Prosody yet they have done; we repeat, good service in directing attention to the great liberties which have been taken—and quite unnecessarily—with Shakespeare's text, and we heartily recommend their work to all critical students of our great poet. The scrupulous thoroughness with which they have done what they have done is most creditable to them.

AN INVENTORY OF DARTMOOR.

"A Book of Dartmoor." By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

THIS is a book which lacks but one point of excellence. It is scholarly in substance, if not in style. It displays both sanity and shrewdness, two qualities mournfully lacking in the work of some past writers on the mysteries of Dartmoor. It is informed with close personal knowledge, extending over many years. In fair weather and in foul Mr. Baring-Gould has tramped the Moor. In his own person he has sounded the bogs—happily not to the very bottom, or we should not have had this book, yet far enough to feel for those who have gone further, and to dread their fate. He has plied the shovel among the old hut dwellings, cleared out the cooking holes, and formed a defensible opinion about their origin. He has surveyed the stone monuments, and ransacked literature for analogous usages lingering in remote corners of the earth. If we cannot wholly follow him to far Cathay in the effort to interpret things lying on the Dartmoor hills, we can at least admire the energy with which he sweeps into his net the customs of all nations, while for his constant watchfulness, his ceaseless efforts to stay the destroying hand of the farmer, and his untiring attempts to arouse the interest of landlords in the ancient monuments which they possess, we owe him hearty gratitude. The folklore he has not disdained: he has caught up the old songs, hiding their nakedness, it is true, with brand new gowns—but perhaps that was inevitable. He has noted traditions, and knows, we should think, as many tales about the Devil as most men.

What then is wanting to his book? Why, only the supreme grace—a touch of passion, or strong feeling, out of place, of course, in a scientific treatise, but the very breath of life in a diffuse work meant for general reading. The bones are here, but not the blood. Dartmoor is so vast, its beauty is so strange and wonderful! In most men it stirs some consciousness akin to awe; and few who have stood on the green sward by the rushing Dart beneath Holne Chase, in the springtime when the oaks are golden, and the bluebells fill the hollows as with an azure mist, or in August when the blood-red flush of heather spreads up the hillside among the granite boulders, can think of it without a sense of yearning, such as finds no reflection in this book. Perhaps Mr. Baring-Gould, who doubtless loves the Moor as much as any of us, is too near it quite to feel its spell. He chants its praises with the voice of a husband, satisfied and content. But we should have liked the passion of a lover. If only Mr. Baring-Gould could be caught away from Devon, and made to see it, like the rest of us, from exile! How differently he would touch the subject then!

But this is human nature. Would not Eden be a mere ordinary garden to any one of us, if we dwelt in it? In conclusion let it be said that Mr. Baring-Gould should have used this opportunity to smite the mighty in their seat, in other words to speak out what is clearly in his heart about the actions of the Duchy of Cornwall upon Dartmoor. All men know how sore a subject is this. Mr. Baring-Gould writes of it in a tone of plaintiveness which is little likely to dismay the evildoer. "The Duchy, by allowing and favouring

enclosures, is able to throw common land into private property, and that it is only too willing to do." But this is just such conduct as Lord Acton told us all historians ought to condemn when they encounter it! Why did not Mr. Baring-Gould prepare a brief? Many tales are afloat. Is it not said—very possibly in jest—that the Duchy, not many years since, claimed an estate on the ground that, having once been owned by a regicide, it had lapsed to the Crown, at the time of the Restoration? Why did not Mr. Baring-Gould, by telling us the bare truth, confound the oppressor and silence this wild gossip?

THE FOUNDER OF SINGAPORE.

"Sir Stamford Raffles." By Hugh E. Egerton. "Builders of Greater Britain" Series. London: Unwin. 1900. 5s.

OF the men who are entitled to be regarded as builders of the British Empire the name of few is so little known to the general public as that of Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of Singapore. It is possibly more familiar to the average Hollander whose grandfathers looked upon it as that of an international freebooter. Raffles cannot however remain longer in obscurity. Recently his Life was written by Mr. Demetrius Boulger and now Mr. Egerton has contributed an excellent account of him, based largely on Mr. Boulger's, to the Builders of Greater Britain series. Mr. Egerton has a splendid subject, the interest of which has only been tapped; it is a pity that he is so carried away by the heroic in Raffles as to refer to him on every other page as "our hero," as though he were the leading figure in a penny novelette. Raffles' career was as remarkable in many ways as that of Warren Hastings and there are several points of similarity between the two. His treatment at the hands of his employers is certainly reminiscent of Warren Hastings' troubles, and like many another empire-builder he went to his grave with a broken heart. Raffles began life almost uneducated. Most of what he learned he taught himself. As Mr. Egerton says "Raffles never knew the insouciance or selfish serenity of the ordinary schoolboy." Yet Warren Hastings, whose genius for despatch-writing Macaulay indicates in more than one eloquent passage, hardly surpassed Raffles in the brilliant State papers which were turned off with the ease of the readiest and most superficial of letter-writers. Nor was this an acquirement so much as a gift. At twenty-seven Raffles wrote reports concerning Malacca and other places of importance to Britain's Eastern Empire, which Lord Minto deemed worthy of close attention. He mastered the Malay language and Malay history. He enunciated suggestive and valuable theories as to the origin of "the Malay nation," and was as earnest a supporter, if not always as intimate a student, of all that advanced knowledge of the flora and fauna of the Archipelago as of political and international arrangements. But for his knowledge of Malay history he would never have known of Singapore or have been in a position to gauge its significance to Indo-Chinese commerce.

Raffles was a mere clerk at the time when he began to educate his chiefs in a larger conception of the opportunities latent in Far Eastern seas. Some of his proposals must have caused almost as much astonishment as Clive's suggestion to the Governor of Madras that he should be allowed to seize Arcot. Raffles had not been long in the Far East before he began to evolve schemes for breaking up the Dutch monopoly in Malaysia. He strove hard to secure the annexation of Java to our Eastern Empire and for a time the island was actually under the British flag with Raffles as Lieutenant-Governor. His plans showed the most wonderful grip of the conditions. His policy with rare exceptions was frankly anti-Dutch; such a policy could hardly fail, unless it were to go to the extreme of barbarity, to be progressive. In Java as elsewhere the aim of the Dutch was to establish a ring fence and make within it the highest possible profit compatible with the continued existence of any particular enterprise. They went far to ruin all they touched commercially and morally. Raffles reversed their treat-

ment of the natives and their financial expedients; with the result that when the island was handed back to them their representatives adopted most of his measures as their own. Those measures were severely criticised in England, but Raffles' great sin apparently was that he could not immediately make Java contribute to the dividends of the East India Company. He was curtly dismissed from the position of Lieut.-Governor as a visionary and a failure. It is something to be thankful for that a self-sufficient stay-at-home officialdom did not succeed in clipping his wings once and for all. International relationships regulated the rivalries of British and Dutch in Eastern waters to some extent, but the interests of directors and shareholders were often a more potent influence. Java having been given back, Raffles never ceased to search for some coign of vantage for British trade on the route from India to China. The Dutch described him as a Spirit that would never allow the East to be at rest, and the importance of Singapore is perhaps best gauged by their annoyance at its seizure. Raffles was however careful to ascertain that they had there no treaty rights, and he managed to establish a footing in Singapore sufficient to show what an excellent stroke of business he had accomplished before any decision could be taken against it by the Directors at home. There were serious menaces from the Dutch, and strenuous and even factious opposition from British officers, like Bannerman, the Governor of Prince of Wales' Island, but Raffles did not budge, happily for British interests then and now. If he was not allowed to complete political arrangements which would form a counterpoise to the influence of the Dutch, he was at least able to keep a way open for such arrangements when Europe might please to make them. Mr. Egerton certainly does not exaggerate when he says that "at the time the power of the Netherlands stood like a lion in the path of the open road to the Far East. Without the shedding of a single drop of blood; unsupported by ministers at home, criticised, snubbed, and censured, Raffles removed the impediment, and secured to Great Britain her fair share of the Eastern trade. If ever a man had the right to say 'Alone I did it,' it was he."

Raffles died on the eve of his forty-sixth birthday a worn-out and disappointed man. He crowded into his brief life sorrows and work enough for half a dozen men. His constitution was undermined by the climate; his children to whom he was devoted were cut off one after another with appalling suddenness; the mass of precious and irreplaceable native manuscripts and documents he had collected with a view to an elaborate history of Sumatra and Borneo were lost in a fire at sea from which he and his wife escaped only with their lives; he lost £16,000 by the failure of his East Indian agents, and when he reached England and applied for some substantial recognition of his services he was met with a contra account in the shape of an accumulation of claims by the company which showed that in doing their work he had incurred personal liabilities to them of £22,200. Philosopher as he was and ready at all times to meet manfully the buffets of fortune or the affronts which patient merit of the unworthy takes, his great spirit was unequal to this final blow. It is true there is not a little in Raffles' position which is difficult to explain. He started out without a half-penny, but badly remunerated on the one hand and careless of money on the other though he was, he yet managed to purchase properties and maintain a social position which men who are reputed well off would not disdain. His integrity was never called in question, though his discretion was once sharply challenged. His resources such as they were can only be accepted as characteristic of one who in so many things was not as other men. In these days when empire-builders are the vogue, it is well to be reminded of the conditions under which they lived and dared and died eighty or a hundred years ago. Raffles to-day would in some respects be handicapped more severely than he was in 1819. Singapore was described then as "another of Raffles' aberrations," the whole thing was done before it could be checked; to-day a similar proceeding if deemed equally unwise or equally inconvenient would be repudiated by cable. Time was on Raffles' side and happily

his personal enemies were not allowed to prevail to the advantage of his country's rivals.

A NEW CRITICAL METHOD.

"St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: a New Translation with a Brief Analysis." By W. G. Rutherford. London: Macmillan. 1900. 3s. 6d. net.

DR. RUTHERFORD opens his preface with a challenge to theology which his eminence as a grammarian entitles him to give:—"This was once a plain letter concerned with a theme which plain men might understand. Why is it so far from plain now to many who in knowledge and even in spiritual discernment are at least the equals of the tradesmen, mechanics and servants to whom it was immediately addressed?" Theology must admit that there is a sense in which plain men can understand it. There is, indeed, no portion of Scripture from which excerpts can more profitably be taken, and none from which the passages selected suffer less by separation from their context, than the Epistle to the Romans. The history of Protestant doctrine and devotion, so much of which has been warped by an exclusive attention to some parts of it, is a proof of its power over plain minds. But the Epistle as a whole offers a problem whose solution demands the most complete equipment of historical and theological knowledge. If we compare the skilful analysis which Dr. Rutherford has prefixed to the sections into which he divides it with that which Sanday and Headlam have provided in their edition, we shall find serious differences as to the course and scope of the argument; and these are but two of many divergent explanations. Grammar, in fact, and common sense cannot transport us to the point of view of the first readers; the trained historical imagination is needed if we are to comprehend, as no modern yet has fully done, the thoughts of these humble Christians who could take so vivid and intelligent an interest in the controversy concerning justification. As the mechanics of Athens could follow the reasonings of Pericles, and the mass of Athanasius' contemporaries had a knowledge of the doctrine of the Trinity which would put to shame the vague declamation which passes for dogmatic statement in many a modern pulpit; so the converts whom S. Paul addressed were at home in every phase of a debate which had gained new reality in passing from the Jewish schools into Christian thought.

Still, though more than a study of grammar is needed to bring out the Apostle's meaning as it must have presented itself to his readers, a fresh light upon his language is of the utmost value, and Dr. Rutherford supplies it. "Greek," he reminds us, "is not one language but several scores;" and though he looks down, with a pride that is pardonable in a master of the Attic, upon later forms, he is ready to use his skill for the elucidation of the Christian documents. He gives some amusing instances from Disraeli's novels of careless writing, which yet conveys its meaning; and he is confident that a sufficient familiarity with S. Paul's conversational Greek will make his meaning equally clear. We may not be convinced, for he does not give his reasons, that his explanation in every instance he has chosen is the right one. But his method is sound in this as in the other chief point on which he touches. The system of uniformly rendering a Greek word by the same English equivalent, and of pressing grammatical differences into definite variations of meaning, is becoming in some hands as artificial and as sterile as mediæval allegorism. S. Paul, with his meagre vocabulary, he argues, is the last writer to whom so rigid a theory should be applied. "If S. Paul had known Greek better, he would have proved himself one of the greatest masters of expression and style." As it is, such words as "wealth," "likeness," "abound," have to serve in senses which vary with the context, and a mechanical uniformity can only confuse the reader. These are Dr. Rutherford's main positions; and we venture to say that nothing more suggestive in this department has been published of late years than the preface in which he sets them out.

A few words must be said of the translation. It is clear and vigorous, made from an eclectic text which

is nearer to the *Textus Receptus* than to that of Westcott and Hort. We may doubt whether the translator is justified in lightening his task by banishing into footnotes three important parentheses. This is, to say the least, the use of a device of which S. Paul had not the advantage; and a reader unfamiliar with the Epistle will probably imagine that these modest sentences in smaller type are additions to the argument, furnished by Dr. Rutherford himself. But the interest of his book lies not in itself but in the promise it implies. He has pointed out a new method, and we cannot doubt that he will employ it. It is within his power to perform a service and to win a reputation as solid and as enduring as that of Field and the *Otium Norvicense*.

THE LATER TALE OF A MARCHER TOWN.

"Cardiff Records." Edited by John Hobson Matthews. Cardiff: Published by order of the Corporation. 1900.

IN his second volume of the Municipal Records of Cardiff the editor has clearly been embarrassed by the mass of his materials. To gauge accurately the success of his selection, it would be necessary to read all the documents which it was in his power to publish. Taking the volume however as it stands we can say that it quite sustains the high level attained by its predecessor. Whatever remains to be told, Mr. Matthews has at least enabled us to see many a new picture in the political and social life of Cardiff and Glamorganshire during the years that divide the Reformation from the Reform Bill.

His first and third chapters deal with the history and records of certain manors in the neighbourhood of Cardiff, and it is curious to note fresh evidence of the blending together of Celtic custom and Norman law in the Marcher land. It was only in the present century that the lord of one of these manors ceased to collect his mises. These mises were a commuted money payment for the voluntary gifts of corn presented in the days of free Wales by each cwmwd to the native prince on his accession. 'Tis also remarkable how tenaciously feudal abuses dragged on here in spite of Acts of Parliament. In 1666 the men of Cardiff were still grinding their corn at their lord's mill.

Chapter II. gives us a list of the old Lords Marcher of Glamorgan of whom Jasper Tudor, Duke of Bedford who died in 1495 was the last, and of the more modern Lords of Cardiff, now represented by Lord Bute, who derive their title from the grant of Edward VI. to Sir William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke. It is a matter for regret however that the editor has not also furnished us with the names of the civic officials of his borough in times past. A list of these would be more interesting to the general reader and we must add (considering the origin of the book) in better taste than the insertion by way of frontispiece of the portrait of Cardiff's present Town Clerk. In Chapter IV. however we meet a town clerk of Cardiff who deserves a place in history, one John Wood who between 1818 and 1825 played the part of a civic Hampden against the Stuarts of Cardiff Castle. It is interesting to trace in his notes here published the absolute collapse of municipal institutions at the commencement of the present century, and mournful to reflect (as one reads them) that the Municipal Act of 1835 has banished to the study of the antiquary the burning questions as to the meanings of the mediæval charters, on which this old Whig so often took counsel's opinion.

The Glamorgan Calendar of Rolls and Gaol Fines (Chapter V.) between the years 1548 and 1830 makes interesting and yet sorry reading. The loyalty of Wales to the lost causes is proved by the numerous convictions of Popish recusants at one period and of the gentlemen who "wickedly seditiously and audaciously drank and toasted" (p. 191) the King over the water at another. With regard to the first-named class however, it may be doubted whether some of the persons whose convictions for the crime of absenting "themselves from their respective parish churches and chapels" are here recorded were not in fact Puritans.

There is at least nothing in the documents as abstracted to show that they were (as the editor supposes) in all cases Roman Catholics. Further in giving his notes of the several indictments Mr. Matthews should not almost invariably have omitted the name of the judge, which in many cases would be exceedingly interesting.

Chapter VII., entitled the South Wales Chantry Certificate, shows the reformers of Edward VI. at work on their pietistic plunderings. The editor is here fairly severe; but none too much so on the hypocrites who in the name of religion robbed the poor of their educational charities. We could wish by the way that he had given us some documents as to the pillage of the Church by the "Saints" of Cromwellian days. On the history of Cardiff however under the Commonwealth the book is curiously silent. The same chapter shows that in South Wales the Chantry priests were removable by the churchwardens. The Corporation Miscellanea (Chapter VIII.) and the Custom House Records (Chapter IX.) contain some curious information. Thus we read that in 1793 the councillors of Cardiff paid one Watkin Williams half a guinea for hanging and burning Tom Pain (in effigy). Those were loyal and merry times.

"ROBERT ORANGE" AND OTHER NOVELS.

"Robert Orange: a Sequel to 'The School for Saints.'" By John Oliver Hobbes. London: Unwin. 1900. 6s.

"The School for Saints" ended at a moment when Robert Orange, M.P., after stirring adventures in Spain, was about to marry a young widow, Mrs. Parflete, daughter of the Archduke Charles of Alberia by a morganatic marriage. "John Oliver Hobbes" hinted that the marriage was to be disastrous, and promised a further narrative of Orange's political career. The sequel opens abruptly with the appearance of a new character, Lady Sara De Treverell, whose emotions are allowed to cross and obscure the main issues. Orange's marriage brings speedy disaster, and then come chapter upon chapter of anti-climax. For one intense moment a striking situation is realised: Orange and Brigit Parflete, when they find that the wretched Parflete still lives, touch the higher spheres of romance. Henceforth the novel is a story of renunciation, chequered at the close by a return to the adventurous elements handled by the writer in the earlier volume. At intervals Disraeli crosses the stage. No attempt is made to realise Orange's political life, for the political interest centres round his friend Lord Reckage. The romantic interest is somewhat ineffectually divided between Reckage's amorous vacillations and Robert's great passion. The tiresome Lady Fitz-Rewes reappears. Orange has lost vitality while Mrs. Craigie kept him waiting on the shelf and took the town with "The Ambassador." It is not a pleasant duty to disparage a book which has evidently been written with infinite care. The book would have stirred the reader more had it retained something of the slap-dash of her early work. And in spite of the careful writing, the occasional preciosity of the phrasing, the studied languor of long-drawn periods, there are curious slips. Nor does the writer know her political world as well as she would have us believe: the idealist Roman Catholic Tory M.P. of the 'seventies would surely not have been a welcome member at Brooks'. These are small matters perhaps, but they count in a book whose aim is so high. There are happy phrases, and more, there is a sympathetic interpretation of subtle and elusive emotions, a sense of pathos unmarred by any facile exaggeration, a vision of spiritual paths which lie far from the common life. Yet the book by its faulty construction misses real dramatic success.

"The Seafarers." By John Bloundelle-Burton. London: Pearson. 1900. 6s.

This story contains one good idea, that of a whole crew being stricken by blindness, but it is indifferently worked out. The author's evident intention is to be melodramatic, but we doubt whether he could evoke sympathies even on the Surrey side. His titles for

chapters are peculiarly irritating, for instance "Sweeter than blue-eyed violets or the damask rose" is the title to his introduction of the heroine. And the clumsiness of his style is only surpassed by his verbosity: "She went across the passage to her mother's room. Yet, ere she did so, let us regard this young girl, whose story and adventures we are now to follow—this girl whose dreams of leering crocodiles and dark, mystic caves, with hideous creatures gyrating in them, will, as we shall see, be far outnumbered and outshone by the actual realities that . . . For it has been resolved on by Fate, or Providence, or Destiny, or whatever one may term that power which controls our earthly existence, that to Bella Waldron were to come experiences, strange, horrible, and fantastic, such as the last decade of our expiring century rarely assaults men with, and women hardly ever." Or again: "Wherefore since the 'Emperor of the Moon' has arrived thus far in the Indian Ocean there has now to be set down a series of strange events which befell her, of so remarkable and peculiar a nature that one wonders that those events have never been chronicled before. For, far different from the ordinary stress and disasters which overtake ships at sea were those which have to be described; far different from those which the recorders of maritime calamities are in the habit of chronicling either in romance or dry-as-dust descriptions of fact." Parturiunt montes. . . .

"The Catacombs of Paris." By E. Berthel. Rendered into English by M. C. Helmore. London: Constable. 1900. 6s.

We confess to having read this exciting novel in a single sitting. In spite of its 492 pages, the story never drags; and, from the day that Philippe de Caussan and his gay friend, the Abbé Chavigny, descend into the catacombs of Paris for the first time, to the amazing moment when they kill the idiot Médard who has haunted them for years, we admire the skill with which M. Berthel relates his narrative, and the ability with which Mr. Helmore has rendered it into English. No bones lay about the catacombs in those times; Louis XV. (and afterwards Louis XVI.) was on the throne, and the underground quarries were occupied by a strange religious sect, a band of coiners, as well as by Médard the uncanny. Want of space, unfortunately, prevents us from giving even a bare idea of the many stirring adventures experienced by Philippe, Thérèse (his lady love), and the Abbé below Paris; nor are we able to do more than pass praise upon the capital description of Thérèse's convent and the authentic character-sketch of a Governor of the Bastille. The book, in fact, contains so much "incident" that, to be appreciated, it should be read; and so we have no hesitation in recommending it to all who are fond of highly adventurous and exhilarating tales.

"Mis'ess Joy." By John Le Breton. London: Macqueen. 1900. 3s. 6d.

This story seems to have been modelled on the works of George Eliot and should appeal to the admirers of her particular school. The average modern novel-reader will probably deem it somewhat too heavy, but, should he persevere with it, he will be rewarded by some striking character-sketches and interesting situations. The author has a dramatic instinct and a sense of humour; if he seems sometimes a trifle slow in coming to his points, the fault is probably that of the present generation's impatience. Our fathers and grandfathers are sure to delight in it.

"The Increasing Purpose." By James Allen Lane. London: Macmillan. 1900. 6s.

With pomp and circumstance of words and arguments does Mr. Allen set forth the religious doubts of a young and supremely uninteresting Kentucky farmer. If we leave out the long religious conversations (which we would gladly do) we find ourselves face to face with a friend of our youth. Who does not recognise the earnest young sceptic, the shocked and narrow-minded father and mother, and the gentle sweetheart who guides the lost one home! It is very touching, but what the Increasing Purpose is, save that the story is increasingly dull, we are at a loss to discover.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Luton Church." By the late Henry Cobbe. London: Bell. 1899.

"The half is more than the whole" would have been true of this bulky volume. Yet much gratitude is due to our laborious and zealous clerical antiquaries, whose local histories will be a great assistance to future archaeologists. Mr. Cobbe, the learned Bedfordshire rural dean, had a worthy subject in Luton Church, and the interest of Luton centres round this fine church, the only thing left to it which is not commonplace. On its site Mr. Cobbe thinks the first house of God in the shire was planted, and the first converts to Christianity christened there in the Lea. Five manses in "Lyetune" granted by Offa in 792 to his new S. Alban's Abbey are certainly the earliest recorded gift to Holy Church in that part of England, and even these were a restitution to religion, for the king describes the land as that which an unidentified abbot Ahlmund, "who had deceitfully neglected the fyrd, gave me by way of reconciliation." The abbot and convent of S. Alban's obtained a grant of the advowson and parsonage of Luton church about 1150, and the profits, with others, were appropriated to the cellarer of the abbey for the entertainment of pilgrims visiting the saint's shrine. Mr. Cobbe defends the appropriating policy of the monasteries, which, and not the secular clergy, had evangelised the country and built and served most of the churches, so that the tithes of the shire or district were naturally brought to them as to the mother church. Luton's list of parsons goes back to "Morcar the priest," who was presented by the Confessor, and of vicars, perpetual and otherwise, to 1153. One incumbent, Bishop Adrian de Castello (1492), was cardinal and papal secretary, himself aimed at the papacy, and was accused of attempting the murder of Popes Alexander and Leo. As to the church itself there are no remains of the Norman, and few even of the early English building. In the fourteenth century the fabric, with the Hoo chapel, was rebuilt on a grand scale, and in spite of the mischief worked by Puritans—Camden found the quire "roofless and grown over with weeds"—by churchwarden stupidity, and by modern "improvements" and restorations, it is still a noble monument of the past. Mr. Cobbe did not live to revise the later part of this volume, but we have noticed hardly any errors in the great quantity of letterpress. It is a fly, perhaps, in the ointment when we read of "S. Thomas à Becket," and we cannot believe that the expression is really quoted (p. 73) from a charter of 5 Edw. IV. Surprise is expressed (p. 332) at a widow appearing by her maiden name on a brass of 1524. But this was common. George Heriot's wife, for example (vide "Rob Roy"), had on her grave, "Hic Alicia Primrose jacet."

"Conversations with Prince Bismarck." Collected by Heinrich von Poschinger. Edited by Sidney Whitman. London and New York: Harpers. 1900. 6s.

Herr von Poschinger's official position afforded him unique opportunities for collecting authentic details and many entertaining anecdotes about the Iron Chancellor. Mr. Whitman has made selections for English purposes from five bulky volumes. According to Mr. Whitman it was not Bismarck's ambition that "Germany should domineer the world, nor even that she should excel other nations in the tricks of the money market, highly as he valued a nation's prosperity as a means and an indication of progress. . . . The foundation of the State should be one of an ethical character, with unity for its keystone and the principle underlying its wider policy, 'Niemand zu Lieb, Niemand zu Leid.' That, as Bismarck's motto late in life, is a little reminiscent of the philanthropy practised by men who have successfully fleeced their fellows. Among Bismarck's sayings was one which might easily be adapted to the uses of a putative party chief nearer home. "The best preparatory school for a Chancellor of the German Empire now would be a circus trained under a juggler; Conservatives, Liberals, Centre—one of these must always be in the air but only so high that one can catch him again, and whilst doing so the two others must not be allowed to fall."

"Bowery Tales." By Stephen Crane. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

We should hesitate to say positively that the early work of Mr. Stephen Crane does not deserve republication, but when he wrote "George's Mother" he had certainly not found himself. It is a story of the familiar American kind: endless trouble expended to explain how very dull a dull woman can be. "Maggie" is in a different shelf. It is undoubtedly dramatic, a squalid miserable drama played by living human creatures. Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe, had he been an American, might have written it. But it is difficult for erring human critics, though they would fain be just, to like a story prefaced by Mr. W. D. Howells' "Appreciation." Mr. Howells is not seen at his best when he stands outside a penny gaff and bangs the big drum. His most salient phrase is merely a prose repetition of those great lines in a certain "Ballad of a Bun": "I am sister to the Microbe now And cousin German to the Worm." It is hard on poor Stephen Crane that Mr. Howells

should overstate the case: "Maggie" was a very remarkable work for a young man, and, unpleasant as the theme is, there is no mud for mud's sake about it. It is a piece of true tragedy, which only a very young man would have had the heart to write.

"Liberalism and the Empire." Three Essays. London: R. B. Johnson. 1900.

Messrs. Hirst, Hammond and Gilbert Murray, the authors of these three essays, display some cleverness and a great deal of unnecessary bitterness. We might perhaps confine this stricture to the papers by the two first-named gentlemen on "Imperialism and Finance" and "Colonial and Foreign Policy." Mr. Gilbert Murray makes no attacks on parties or individuals in his remarks on our relations with the coloured races under our control. We all deplore the state of things he censures, but he suggests no remedy save more stringent laws and a stricter application of them and with this every sane Imperialist agrees. As for the other gentlemen there is no doubt much that could be said from their point of view and should be said, there is much in vulgar "Imperialism" for Englishmen to regret and foreigners to resent, but it will not be cured by including all "Imperialists" under a common ban as desiring "the pageants, the excitements and the spoils of foreign conquests." It is this sort of unreasoning abuse that has made the critics of the Government so weak in the House of Commons and on the platform. While it may be forgiven in electioneering, its ineffectiveness is particularly exposed when it appears in the cold light of print.

"Natal and the Boers." By T. Rowell. London: Dent. 1900. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Boer Invasion of Natal." By Clement H. Stott. London: Partridge. 1900. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Clement H. Stott's little volume is the complement of Mr. Rowell's. The one describes the birth of a colony and its career down to the Boer invasion, the other tells the story of Natal's share in the war. Neither can lay claim to any particular distinction; both are unpretentious and will serve as easy and superficial accounts of things which most people should know for themselves already. Mr. Rowell's reason for writing is that until he went to Natal he was ignorant of the country's interesting history; having enlightened himself he seeks to enlighten others.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

"Modern French Authors" (Junior Course). By G. E. Kastner. "Modern French Authors" (Advanced Course). By G. E. Kastner. "A Compendious German Reader." By J. B. Beak. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1900. 2s. 6d. each.

Mr. Kastner has prepared two very excellent books of unseens for junior and advanced students. One of the chief merits of the selections is their freshness. Mr. Kastner has judiciously rejected the time-honoured clichés that have so often done duty as unseens in the majority of books of passages at sight. If there is a fault about Mr. Kastner's analecta, it is that they deal rather too exclusively with descriptive passages. But much may be forgiven an editor who has attempted to form not only a book of excerpts for translation but also an anthology in prose and verse of modern French literature. The extent of Mr. Kastner's labours may be gauged by the fact that in his advanced course he has laid no less than fifty-six authors under contribution. Mr. Beak's volume is even more encyclopædic. It is an attempt to combine in one a reading-book, a history primer, and a literary text-book. Much space is saved by the abolition of notes, whose place is taken by an outline of German history and short biographies of German authors. The history is written perhaps too exclusively from the Prussian standpoint, but, taken as a whole, the book is a veritable multum in parvo. It is a pity it is disfigured with a good many misprints, some of them very bad ones, as *indiquité* (for *indignité*), *bieu* (for *bien*), *Riga* (for *Rügen*), *Dumonriez* (for *Dumouriez*), *Moreaux* (for *Moreau*), *Davonst* (for *Davoust*), *Yorck* (for *York*). Most of these are mistakes in French. Mr. Beak ought to have got Mr. Kastner to correct his proofs.

"Dent's First German Book." By S. Alge, L. Hamburger, and Walter Rippmann. 2s.

"Dent's German Reader." By S. Alge and Walter Rippmann. London: Dent. 1899. 2s. 6d. net.

These two books are based on the *Neue Methode*. Pictures take the place of English by way of explanation. The mother tongue is in fact excluded from the class-room, even such a useful mental exercise as translation being strictly "tabooed" in these volumes. If in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, the First German Book should be a prodigy of pedagogy, as it has taken no less than three persons to put it together. A novel feature in the volume is a phonetic appendix which has been added for such as believe that the pronunciation of a foreign language is easiest learnt through the medium of verbal algebra.

"Heine's Prose." Edited by Albert B. Faust. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899. 3s. 6d.

This is a very scholarly production which is not, however, above the heads of schoolboys. The extracts are well made and clearly printed. There is a good introduction which is not too academic, a capital portrait of Heine, a useful map of the Harz district, notes which give the right sort of help and do not make a vain parade of the author's erudition, a bibliography—which is still a weak point in the making of English editions—and a short index. In fact the editor seems successfully to have forestalled all the objections that the most captious critic, if he were "a just beast," would be likely to raise.

"Cassell's Lessons in French." By Louis Faguelle, Prof. de Lolme, and Prof. E. Roubaud. New Edition, revised by James Bojelle. London: Cassell. 1899. 3s. 6d.

The mere fact of this book bearing the impress of being the 145th thousand is a testimony to its antiquity. It has in a way been brought up to date by M. J. Bojelle, but none the less, it remains in many respects, especially in its general construction, as antique as ever. Messrs. Cassell would do well to project another book on more modern lines. One of the best features in the book is the table of Anglo-French Homonyms and Paronyms, but one swallow does not make a summer.

"Schilling's Spanish Grammar." Translated and Edited by Frederick Zagel. London: Francis Hodgson. 1899.

"Good cloth sells in the box," says the Spanish proverb. This is true indeed in the country of origin, but not abroad, and Mr. Frederick Zagel has done well to draw attention to the high repute in Germany of Prof. Schilling's Grammar which he has translated and edited for the use of English students. The book has the merit of initiating the pupil not only into the language but also into the manners and ways of thought of the inhabitants. Considering the large amount of trade which this country carries on with Spain and the Spanish-speaking States of North and South America, it is obvious that the Spanish language is unduly neglected in England by those preparing for commercial life, while our more cultured classes are woefully ignorant of its magnificent literature, which can boast of a Lope, a Cervantes, and a Calderon.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Studi e Ritratti Letterari. By Giuseppe Chiarini. Livorno: Giusti. 1900. Lire 4.

Professor Chiarini has always seemed to us one of the best of modern Italian critics. His judgment is sound and shrewd, his taste wholesome, his sympathies are on the side of common sense, and he is yet a bit of an idealist. Moreover he has a simplicity of style which is essentially captivating; he has the gift of portraiture, and he has, beyond all his fellows, the art of interesting us in his subjects. The present volume is made up entirely of studies and portraits of English and German writers. We have chapters on Burns, Shelley, Swinburne, Carlyle and his wife, Byron and his wife, Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, and no fewer than six chapters—perhaps the most striking in the book—relating to Heinrich Heine. It is something of a comfort to come across an Italian critic who is so thoroughly at home in our literature: he can even spell English names and has successfully rescued them from the maltreatment of the printer. We are inclined to think that he exaggerates Shelley's lyrical qualities, and he is obviously strongly influenced by the English indiscriminate adulators of Shelley who preached to us unrestrained some quarter of a century ago. But we welcome his clear painstaking judgments, and cannot help thinking that a translation of this book would be of service to a considerable number of English readers.

Storia e Fisiologia dell'Arte di Ridere. Vol. I. Milan: Hoepli. 1900. Lire 4.50.

The title of this book, and something too in its composition, at once recalls the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, for the work under review no more scientifically deals with the physiology of laughter than does Burton's famous treatise systematically anatomise Melancholy. The volume now published deals with antiquity and the middle age, and vast and entertaining, if somewhat desultory, is the learning which the erudite author has brought together. Particularly happy are the pages on Plautus and Terence: we are skilfully made to feel that there is no gulf between them and us, that they are as up-to-date and entertaining as Molière and Goldoni. We regret the anti-Christian sentiment of the book, dragged in as it is in that purposeless and needless fashion now happily going out of vogue, but for the sake of the veteran author's great learning and his occasional brilliant powers of presentation, we look forward to the two further volumes of this work which are due. The one will deal with the Renaissance, the other with the modern world.

L'Incomprendibile: Romanzo. By "Cordelia" (i.e. Virginia Treves). Milan: Treves. 1900. Lire 3.

We are always very ready to review Italian fiction, and are ever keenly on the look out for this somewhat rare com-

modity. But Italy seems to become every year more and more dependent upon foreign countries for its novel-reading: the flood of Sienkiewicz literature is at present rising higher every month. We therefore turn with something like relief to this novel of Neapolitan life, though it cannot be reckoned as even what the end of this century esteems in the first class. The plot of Signora Treves' novel is decidedly good, but it is weighed down by dulness in the dialogue and a truly incomprehensible fatuousness in the proceedings of the principal characters. We gladly attest that the book is free from that offensive morbidity which has come to be considered art among so many moderns, and spoils a novel for the healthy taste of the majority of English readers. But we lose interest in the heroine when she elects to marry, without any particular compulsion, the man she does not love, while assuring the man she does love that he shall always be her dearest and most intimate friend; and that she is quite sure that her future husband will have no objection to this arrangement. Truly an incomprehensible compact!

La Malaria. By B. Grassi. Milan: Treves. 1900. Lira 1.

A book on malaria scarcely perhaps deserves to rank as literature. But the subject is just now very much in the air, and on account of the solid importance of the present little work, we feel bound to give it a place in our conspectus of Italian literature. Professor Grassi, with admirable clearness and commendable brevity, sets forth the result of his investigations into one of the most important scientific problems of the day—the origin and prevention of malarial fever. This disease, he considers, is caused by certain microbes which have only two habitats: the blood of man and the stomach of a species of mosquito known as the Anopheles. This insect having sucked the blood of a malarious person becomes infected and inoculates the next person it attacks with malaria. The remedy proposed by Professor Grassi is strict quarantine of all malarious cases. As the microbe can only breed in the stomach of the Anopheles, if the insect could be kept from infection cases of malarial fever must eventually die out. We regret that want of space imposes upon us so very bald a statement of Professor Grassi's case, but we hope his book will be translated so that his views may obtain a hearing with a larger public.

Livorno nell'Ottocento. Livorno, Belforte. 1900. Lire 3.

We gladly notice this bright and prettily got up book, not merely for the real interest of its contents, but because it is a characteristic example of the kind of historical work which individual Italian cities are perpetually turning out. In spite of the modern Unitv, local pride and local exclusiveness are still strong in all Italian towns. A citizen of Florence is first a Florentine, then a Tuscan, then an Italian; a citizen of Preston is first an Englishman, then a Lancastrian, then a Prestonian; that is the great dominant difference between an Italian and an English citizen, and that is why Italian local literature often ranks in importance with national literature. The city has, in fact, the historical importance of a nation. The present book consists of a series of lectures delivered by prominent Livornesi—some three or four of whom are also prominent Italians—and aims with success at giving a picture of the literary, artistic and social life of Leghorn during the present century. Professor Pietro Vigo opens the series with a preparatory lecture on Leghorn at the end of the eighteenth century; Guido Menasci speaks of its artists; Targioni-Tozzetti of its dramatists; and there are lectures on its lawyers and journalists; its writers; its musicians; and its mineral springs and sea-bathing season. The history of Italy can only properly be learnt by a minute study of the history of its cities, and we recommend this book to the student of a city which deserves a higher place in written history than it holds.

Antonio Fogazzaro: la sua Vita e le sue Opere. By Pompeo Molmenti. Milan: Hoepli. 1900. Lire 4.

To our mind Antonio Fogazzaro, poet, novelist, philosopher, is the most attractive and interesting figure of modern Italian belles-lettres. Since it is always interesting to read him, we welcome the present opportunity of reading about him. Professor Molmenti has given us a just and vivid portrait of the man, free altogether from that superfluity of detail which the vulgar desire in the portrait of a living celebrity, and his analysis of Fogazzaro's writings and opinions is succinct and luminous. What to us are his two chief characteristics—healthiness of mind and the courage of unpopular opinions—are fully emphasised by his latest biographer. Fogazzaro occupies a singular position in Italian thought: he has earned the dislike of superficial free-thinkers for his frank Catholicism, and the condemnation of the "Civiltà Cattolica" for his idealistic

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liberalism. In the realm of opinion the abiding influence of that philosophical giant, Rosmini, is apparent in his every utterance. We are far from being in complete agreement with Fogazzaro, but all thought of disagreement seems, by some magic quality, momentarily to disappear in the presence of his independent courage and his fine scorn of the popular notions which are doing so much to demoralise his native country. His whole character and aims deserve an attention and consideration which they have not yet received in England, but which will surely come with time. The present work is enriched with a bibliography of Fogazzaro's writings, carefully compiled by "Sebastiano Rumor."

Corso di Diritto Commerciale. By Ercole Vidari. Vol. I. Milan: Hoepli. 1900. Lire 12.

This is but the first volume of a work which is to run to nine volumes. Moreover it is the fifth edition of a manual well known and popular in the Peninsula. But we gladly accede to the publisher's request to call attention to it. Italians are fine lawyers, and their strong point is perhaps commercial law. In this branch of law all nations have much to learn from them, and the only obstacle to their freely learning seems to be the Italian language which so few foreigners ever acquire profoundly. If this book had been written in Latin it might, perhaps, have secured that wider audience which it so richly deserves. There are arguments against the codification of all the laws of a country, but we think that codification may successfully be attempted in some branches and notably in commercial law. The principle has been virtually accepted in our Bills of Exchange Act, and in the consolidation of our Mercantile Marine Statutes. We have been greatly struck in reading Professor Vidari's manual by the clearness which he attains through his work being based on that fine corpus of law, the Italian commercial code. Commendation of his book is unnecessary: it is simply the standard work on the subject in a country which very well understands such subjects.

Studi Storici sul Contado di Savoia. Vol. III. Part II. By Count Alberto di Gerbaix-Sonnaz. Turin: Roux. 1900. Lire 2.

This deeply interesting work was commenced so long ago as 1883, though the part under review only carries us to Count Amedeus V. and the year 1310. But Count di Gerbaix-Sonnaz, after starting on his historical enterprise, became a busy diplomat, and constant residence at foreign Courts deprived him of the opportunities of that local research so necessary in a book of this character. He informs us in the prefatory note to this part that we may look for Parts II. and III. of the present volume at an early date, and that the whole of Volume IV. is nearly written, all of which is good news to the student of this striking borderland dynasty.

La Poesia Neo-Latina in Italia dal Secolo XIV al Presente. By Arnoldo Bonaventura. Città di Castello: Lapi. 1900. Lire 4.

We have received from Signor Lapi a copy of this interesting book which has been welcomed in Italy, though we doubt if it would be of much use to English readers. It consists of translations into certainly very good verse of the Latin poetry of Italian poets from Giovanni del Vergilio and Dante down to Leo XIII. and Giovanni Pascoli. Far more Englishmen are able to read Latin verse than Italian poetry, and most people prefer to read a production in the language in which it was written. But Signor Bonaventura—no mean poet himself—has done his work well, and we call attention to the book for the benefit of the curious in such matters.

La Civiltà Cattolica. (First and third Saturday of every month.) Rome. Lire 1.

We regret that want of space requires us to accord a somewhat summary treatment to Italian magazine literature, and that we have hitherto been unable to notice the "Civiltà Cattolica," which, if an organ of extreme opinion, is ably and admirably conducted, and is seldom taken up without enlarging our circle of knowledge on subjects about which it is difficult to obtain knowledge elsewhere. The "Civiltà" is now in its fifty-first year, and appears to have lost none of the fighting qualities for which it was distinguished in the past. The *Malleus Liberalium* hits as hard as ever, and refuses quarter to all who trifle with religion or tamper with old-fashioned morality. If it remains obtuse to some of the benefits which Italy has acquired under the new régime, if it is occasionally harsh, over-vehement and intransigent, it does the State some service by its masterly exposures of the weak points in the modern body politic. The "Civiltà" possesses and cleverly handles a fine array of logic engines: 'tis a method of attack obnoxious to all Liberalism, and one which the newer folk have not yet learned effectively to repel. But the fiction of our contemporary is of the weakest description, and it is difficult to understand how the robust intellect which dominates the magazine seems not to have the judgment to detect the wishwashiness of the fiction which it prints.

For This Week's Books see page 218.

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